

BLACK DICE HERBERT SEBA & PARADOX NEIL HALSTEAD MYLO PIGEON JOHN THE PRESETS

XLRR8R

98
JUNE/JULY
2006

ACCELERATING MUSIC AND CULTURE

Turned on

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07

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Place: Switzerland, Bern
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WILLKOMMEN ZUM FUSSBALL?!


puma.com

Sighting: #9
Place: Italy, Rome
Examine the evidence at
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WILLKOMMEN ZUM FUSSBALL?!



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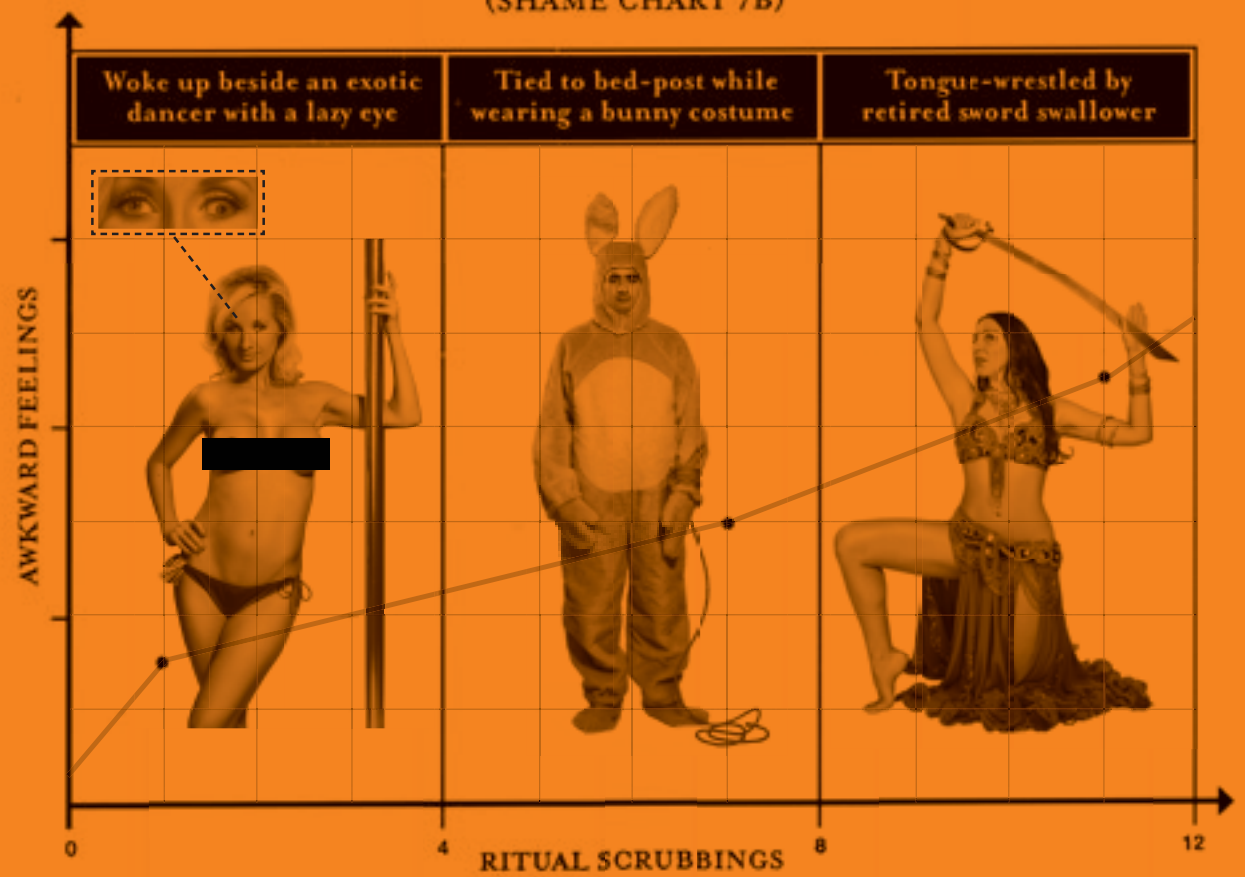
Gruesome Gizmos from Black Dice's Gore.



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(SHAME CHART 7B)



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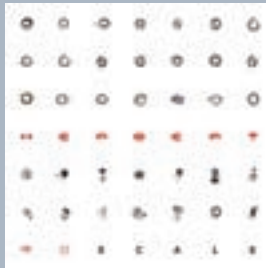
Caroline's virtual listening station can be found by visiting xlr8r.com



COUCH
FIGURE 5



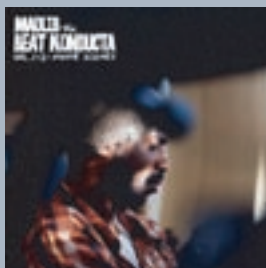
FRANCOIS K
FREQUENCIES



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SCALE



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THE WARNING



MADLIB
BEAT KONDUCTA



PEEPING TOM
PEEPING TOM



SEU JORGE
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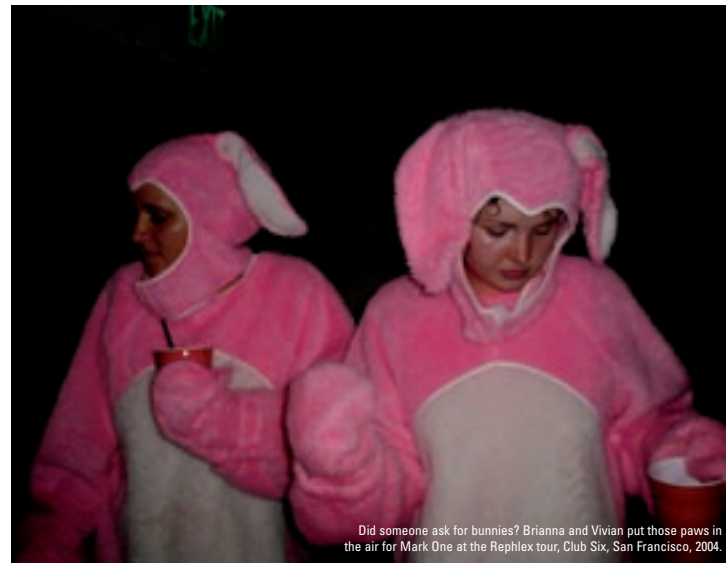


SMALL SINS
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ED'S RANT WILD HARES



Did someone ask for bunnies? Brianna and Vivian put those paws in the air for Mark One at the Replex tour, Club Six, San Francisco, 2004.

"Give me a soft summer mix/And if it ain't broke then don't try to fix it"
-Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince "Summertime"

I guess the price of being a music nerd is that you can't ignore when bands sound like other bands. I mean, maybe I'm getting way old way quick, but it seems like 90% of the music cluttering up my desk space has something retro about it. I'm actually a nostalgic fool, so I'm not mad if someone wants to throw a little Happy Mondays flange or old school acid house vamp into the mix. But it has to be done right.

We think cover stars Get Physical are getting it right. They're not trying to hide their very bold set of historical influences—from Italo-disco to breakdance electro to Chicago house—but they've found a way to place those sounds in a context where they sound both familiar and utterly new at the same time. Not only are they some of the nicest and most unassuming people we've met, but they really deliver for the dancefloor. Booka Shade's live P.A. is full of revelatory moments, DJ T. has one of the more interesting record selections in the electro-house world, Chelonis R. Jones adds a drag ball-inspired flair we haven't seen in years, and the perpetually scarf-sporting pair known as M.A.N.D.Y. rounds things out with sheer party spirit and an anything-goes attitude.

We were also lucky enough to work with photographer Heiko Richard on this one. Since the Get Physical boys spend so much time on the road, Richard conceptualized a beautiful shoot placing them in the TVs of various hotel rooms around the world, then threw some bunnies into the mix. (As of press time, we are still trying to talk our Creative Director out of putting said bunnies on every page of the magazine).

The other big part of this issue is the breakcore feature, something I have been wanting to do for the last three years. Since I saw Milwaukee's Dan Doormouse play naked in a field with a bloody lamb heart as a prop—followed by a DJ set filled with flesh-searing 200-bpm Nasenbluten records—I've been interested in what makes these fiends tick (and it turns out it's not just methamphetamine). The scene has morphed quite a few times in the years hence, but it's still the most punker-than-thou segment of electronic music, and Matt Earp finds out what's up with five of its most intense characters.

Everyone was stoked on the article...except a few former breakcore heads I mentioned it to. All three immediately groaned and said, "Why are you doing an article on that? Breakcore is so boring." One even said, "You can't dance to it." I just had to laugh. I don't blame them for moving on to different pastures—actually, I think their musical pasts will inject something interesting into grime, techno, house, and whatever else they're making now. But I maintain there is something totally interesting about a culture that endorses crazy squat parties, people making music on ancient Tracker programs, and mixing influences from soundclash culture with death metal. So there.

- Vivian Host, Editor

The New Wave of Jazz

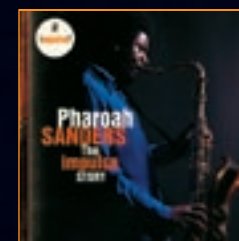
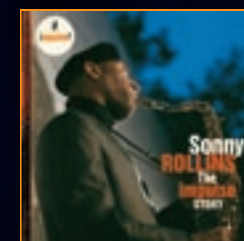


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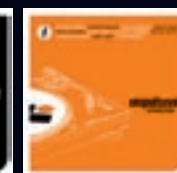
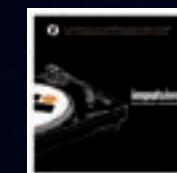
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ON THE COVER: Get Physical crew (clockwise from top: Chelonis R. Jones, M.A.N.D.Y.'s Patrick Bodmer, DJ T., label co-founder Peter Hayo, Booka Shade's Arno Kammermeier, M.A.N.D.Y.'s Philipp Jung, Booka Shade's Walter Merzinger) photographed by Heiko Richard, with digital editing by Sermed Darah

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"This London duo make heartfelt pop with a twist: Galia Durant's wispy vocals conjure a sexed-up cabaret, which Carim Clasmann's childlike bleeps and blurts transport her to a G-rated nursery room." - SPIN

On tour with Jose Gonzales and Juana Molina.

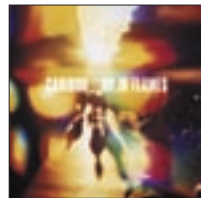
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"Byrds-meet-Beck harmonic vocals, acid washed guitar codas, digital static and bullfrog gibbits condenses, the entire '60s idyll into cannonball form." - NME

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Kieran Hebden and Steve Reid The Exchange Session Vols. 1 & 2

"[Vol. 1] is a success and points the way toward new and compelling territory between rhythmic and electronic improvisation. The second set will no doubt reveal more." - AllMusic

"Hebden and Reid offer one of the most thrilling documents of real-time improvisation you're likely to hear this year." 8/10. - Pop Matters

www.kieranhebdenandstevereid.com

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AMANDA LOPEZ

2006 is the year of the hustle, and Amanda is on her photo grind. Whether it's working on a flesh-themed photo project for an upcoming show with the all-female photo crew Dandelion Black, or on her own personal project, a photo book of Latinos in Sacramento, Amanda is all about the camera. When she gets a spare moment, however, Amanda is also all about airbrushed nail art, Vans shoes, and her favorite photographers, Estevan Oriol and Jonathan Mannion.

www.amandalopezphoto.com



HEIKO RICHARD

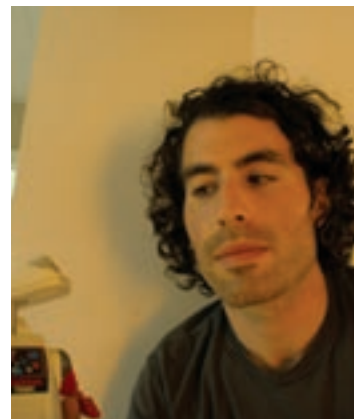
"Taking a picture of a human being always takes a bit of teamwork between them and me," says Berlin-based lensman Heiko Richard. "I have to offer an idea, a frame, but inside that frame there must be space for their ideas and spontaneous incidents to come through." For the Get Physical shoot, Richard developed a globe-spanning concept, placing each of the artists in virtual hotel rooms around the world—Barcelona, San Francisco, and Moscow among them—to reflect "the global aspect of their work." In the past, Richard has shot for Stern, i-D, Monopol, and other high-profile mags.



RYAN ROMANA

When he's not pitching articles on high-tech Silicon Valley startups to geeked-out magazines like Network World, Ryan Romana (a.k.a. DJ Cyan) spins drum & bass and dubstep (his new-found love) around the Bay Area and beyond. The Long Island transplant has been involved in the music industry since 2000, from customer service at CMJ to jam-band publicist at Ariel Publicity to his recent stint as label manager for Wide Hive Records.

droppincyance.blogspot.com, www.soulstreams.com



EVAN SHAMON

Evan recently moved to the exotic wilds of Los Angeles, where the smog layer hangs like gently beneath the clouds and feral cars graze lazily along sun-drenched stretches of asphalt. When he's not stringing together sentences for magazines such as the booklet of wonderfulness you are reading on the toilet at this very moment, he's trying to make music that sounds like small farm animals playing imaginary videogames... IN SPACE. The rest of his time is spent combing the internet for absurdity.

www.giantmecha.com



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Like us? Hate us? Write us! Email letters to letters@xlr8r.com or send mail to XLR8R Magazine 1388 Haight Street #105 San Francisco, CA 94117.



Myspace Brings All the Boys to the Yard
Thanks for all the love and support for ANTICON records... and we truly are grateful for the opportunities you have given us as artists to be included in your glossy text publication... good people=good magazines...

Jel (a.k.a. Jeffrey Logan), by way of Myspace.com

Peace to the XLR8R crew for putting out one of the illest publications on the market. Respect from Hellfire Club Inc. and Hellsenda Productions. One. *Hellsenda Productions, by way of Myspace.com*

XLR8R Responds:

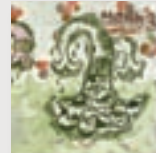
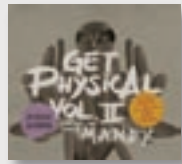
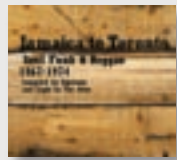
Thanks for the praise, and for joining our friends network. If you haven't checked out our Myspace page yet, get on it at www.myspace.com/xlr8rmagazine. There you'll be able to stay hooked up to our regular goings on, and maybe make a likeminded friend or two.

Much Respect

Yo Big Up XLR8R Family,
I just wanted to personally thank you for including Wisdom Records in your recent article on "The Best Reggae Record Stores" (issue #95, "45 Kings"). It was a fabulous article overall, and we really appreciate the press. As always, your magazine is so good to us. Give thanks! Keep up the good works!

Respect everytime,
Alexis Friedman, owner Wisdom Records

CORRECTIONS In issue #96 "Smack My Bit Up" the band 8-bit was incorrectly identified as being from Sacramento. They are based in Los Angeles.



XLR8R'S "WHAT KIND OF FAN READS XLR8R?" CONTEST

Snag a T-Shirt Six-Pack from No Star Clothing and a Slew of CDs for the Summer.

He's cool. She's sharp. He's witty. She's got an MP3 player full of everything from Asobi Seksu to Jackie Mittoo—with remixes by Chelonis R. Jones and DJ T. He knows how to DJ, MC, and produce. She's as interested in Hi-Fi as she is in gettin' hyphy. He's tweaking at Coachella. She's stroking her chin at MUTEK. Whatever the case, they both have a lifelong affair with music, art, fashion, and every bit of culture that subtly nuzzles itself in between. For that reader of XLR8R, we've pulled out all the stops to deliver one seriously tight August contest.

We're passing out copies of **Booka Shade's** incredible full-length *Movements* and **M.A.N.D.Y.'s** label mix entitled *Get Physical Vol. 2*. The reggae-soul-funk fanatics at **Light in the Attic** are throwing in their amazing *Jamaica to Toronto: Soul Funk & Reggae 1967-1974*. Also tack on copies of **Mojave 3's** *Puzzles Like You* (4AD) and **Asobi Seksu's** *Citrus* (Friendly Fire Recordings), whose respective singers are both featured in conversation in this issue. And *la piece de resistance?* A six-pack of t-shirts from Portland, Oregon's **No Star Clothing**, whose singular goal is to make smile happen—and happen it shall for one of our lucky readers.

So, what kind of fan reads XLR8R? You tell us in 98 words or less. The most creative response will win the grand prize.

ONE GRAND PRIZE WINNER will receive a his-and-hers six-pack of No Star T-shirts (not necessarily the ones pictured here), and copies of *Booka Shade's Movements*, *M.A.N.D.Y.'s Get Physical Vol. 2*, *Jamaica to Toronto: Soul Funk & Reggae 1967-1974*, *Mojave 3's Puzzles Like You*, and *Asobi Seksu's Citrus*.

THREE RUNNERS UP will receive a copy of each of the CDs listed above.

Entries will be accepted via snail mail and email. Entries must be received by September 17, 2006, and don't forget to tell us your requested male and female t-shirt sizes. Send your answers to XLR8R's "What Kind of Fan Reads XLR8R" Contest, 1388 Haight St. #105, San Francisco, CA 94117 or email contest@xlr8r.com with "What Kind of Fan Reads XLR8R Contest" in the subject line.

www.nostarclothing.com, www.get-physical.com, www.4ad.com, www.lightintheattic.net, www.friendlyfirerecordings.com



WHERE YOU AT

IT AINT WHERE YOU FROM



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"Where You At?"

BJ "BITTER" BASTARD'S GUIDE TO THE HIPPEST NEW BANDS



Kids today. They are so moeey. So goth. So, so sad. Maybe the PSP they bought on Ebay didn't arrive on time. Maybe some hot girl didn't return their email. Now all they want to do is wear is black and sing in dreary voices and it's getting harder and harder to tell them apart from each other. Here's a guide to new bands that sound like old bands. Make sure you read it so the next time you're in some bar and some 18-year-old tries to school you, you can be like "Oh no you didn't!" and tell them to "Talk to the hand" like it's 2000. And while you do that I'm going to go listen to The Yardbirds and dance around like contraception was just invented.

1. EVERY MOVE A PICTURE

Place of Origin: San Francisco, CA
Sounds like: The Killers' lead singer fronting a less bouncy "Girls on Film"-era Duran Duran
Worst song title: "On the Edge of Something Beautiful (at 12AM)"
Obligatory "Love is pain" allusion: Album title *Heart = Weapon*
Annoying song lyric: "Inside these fits of amorous exuberance/Lies a brutality of words" ("Simple Lessons in Love and Secession")

2. EDITORS

Place of Origin: Birmingham, UK
Sounds like: Minor keys aplenty; Interpol in bed with the Bunnymen
Worst song title: "Open Your Arms"
Obligatory "Love is pain" allusion: "Honey, what got broken/Won't go back together again" ("Distance")
Annoying song lyric: "You don't need this disease, you don't" repeated over 34 times ("Bullets")

3. SHE WANTS REVENGE

Place of Origin: Los Angeles, CA
Sounds like: Ian Curtis turning over in his grave, with emo kid poetry for lyrics
Worst song title: "I Don't Want to Fall In Love"
Obligatory "Love is pain" allusion: "When you look back now was it special/Or was it nothing but an anecdote that you can tell now and then" ("Broken Promises For Broken Hearts")
Annoying trivia: Bandmember Justin Warfield boast-

ed that he was "a beatnik mack ready to attack" on his 1993 rap album *My Field Trip to Planet 9*

4. WHITE ROSE MOVEMENT

Place of Origin: East Anglia, UK
Sounds like: Theatrical vocals and trance breakdowns over Cure basslines and touches of early Human League
Worst song title: "Pig Heil Jam"
Obligatory "Love is pain" allusion: Frankly, we can't understand 90% of their lyrics.
Annoying trivia: They apparently throw an underground club called The Dazzle!

5. THE KILLERS

Place of Origin: Las Vegas, NV
Sounds like: Vegas kids trying to sound European New Wave
Worst song title: "Indie Rock 'N' Roll"
Obligatory "Love is pain" allusion: "Somebody told me that you had a boyfriend/That looked like a girlfriend" ("Somebody Told Me")
Annoying song lyric: "I'm dreaming 'bout those dreamy eyes" ("Everything Will Be Alright")

6. THE INFADALS

Place of Origin: London, UK
Sounds like: Rife with pretention, plus Buzzcocks, Rough Trade, and EMF references
Worst song title: "Jagger '67"
Obligatory "Love is pain" allusion: Song title "Love Like Semtex;" Semtex is a general-purpose plastic explosive.

Annoying trivia: Didn't know what the word "infidels" meant until they heard it in a 9/11 broadcast from Osama Bin Laden; proceeded to misspell it.

7. THE GLASS

Place of Origin: New York, NY
Sounds like: Jesus & Mary Chain all up in the club
Worst song title: "Heard It All Before"
Obligatory "Love is pain" allusion: "It wasn't time to leave/But you just up and left me" ("Cello Wonder")
Annoying trivia: "Gonzales" is rumored to be a song about their coke dealer.

8. ART BRUT

Place of Origin: London, UK
Sounds like: Mark E. Smith of The Fall's snotty little bruvva
Worst song title: "These Animal Menswe@r"
Obligatory "Love is pain" allusion: "I was your boyfriend/When we were 15/It's the happiest/I've ever been" ("Emily Kane")
Annoying song lyric: "Popular/Culture/No longer/Applies to me" ("Bad Weekend")

9. THE RAKES

Place of Origin: London, UK
Sounds like: Pics of Franz Ferdinand Xeroxed on a dusty photocopier
Worst song title: "Vitamin V"
Obligatory "Love is pain" allusion: "Can't you just pretend/That we are more than friends?" ("Binary Love")
Annoying Trivia: They're so named because they're all "skinny as rakes," claims their website.



The Presets: Kimberly Moyes (left) and Julian Hamilton

THE PRESETS

Australian music nerds go from "meaningful" post-rock to moving hips.

Words Vivian Host Photo Morgan Howland

Before 29-year-olds Julian Hamilton and Kim Moyes were The Presets, they were studying piano and percussion, respectively, at Sydney's Conservatorium of Music. And, like most arty kids rebelling against the system (in this case a hard-core regimen of music composition and theory), the pair also had an experimental band in the works. "Prop was instrumental music with vibraphones and marimbas and keyboards," explains Hamilton. "It was a bit like Tortoise. You know, music for the soul, instrumental, film-scorey, 'meaningful' music."

When not leaning towards the leftfield, Hamilton and Moyes were also clubbing like mad, immersing themselves in Australia's nascent big beat and breaks scenes. Not surprisingly, the dancing and hedonism eventually became more meaningful than "meaningful music." "We wanted to do music that was stupid and easy and immediate and didn't require too much brains—something that was more for the hips and less for the head," explains Hamilton. "There was

something more immediate and guttural that really needed to spew out of us. So we didn't even really decide to do The Presets. I mean, you don't decide to throw up or have diarrhea, you just do it."

Thankfully, their album *Beams* sounds little like throw-up or diarrhea. On the contrary, it's constructed with the thoughtfulness of pop, pairing catchy keyboard melodies with clever percussive turns and Hamilton's quasi-glam vocals. Driving album-openers like the snaking, sexually pulsating "Steamworks," the demanding "Are You The One," and the prancing "Down Down Down" are quickly becoming what The Presets are known for, but *Beams'* strengths are its surprises: "Girl and the Sea" could be a lost OMD song, while the title track is a quiet, orchestral soundtrack for rainy Sundays.

Beams' unpredictability makes it a perfect fit for the Modular label, which is quickly defining Australia's eclectic music scene with acts as diverse as Ben Lee, Cut Copy, and Wolfmother. And although

The Presets deny there's much about themselves that's quintessentially Australian, it's hard to ignore their sunny dispositions, massive amounts of regional slang, and, of course, those accents.

When pressed, Hamilton admits he *does* have a fondness for clichés about Australia (the surf, the 'roos, the Sydney opera house), and for the country's unofficial patron saint, bush ranger Ned Kelly, who ran things in the country in the late 1800s. "He was like a cowboy or an outlaw, and he wore a big metal garbage bin with the eyes cut out, and he made his own armor," he explains. "He got in a lot of gun-fights in the outback. He was just a wild guy on the run for a long time." Sounds like someone's got a new role model.

Beams is out now on Modular. www.thepresets.com, www.modularpeople.com



HANDS OFF

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CX KIDTRONIK

A Brooklyn producer re-invents the crack game.

Words Jesse Serwer Photo Alina Zakaite



Hip-hop might be all about the crack game these days, but CX KIDTRONIK has an entirely different sort of crack driving him. Spurred by the recent low-rise jeans craze, the Brooklyn beatmaker's debut LP, *Krak Attack* (Sound-Ink), is an homage to female ass cleavage, punctuated by cover art that features a collage of ample-assed women doing their best plumber impersonations.

"The pictures were taken by the winners of my 'Krak Attack Booty-Krakmonster Kandid Photo Kontest' on Craigslist," CX explains. "They had to be 100% real candid shots of chicks on the streets, subways, or wherever. One poor photographer suffered a Flintstone bump because the lady heard him laugh [while he was taking her picture]—and then she hit dude in the head with a gallon of orange juice."

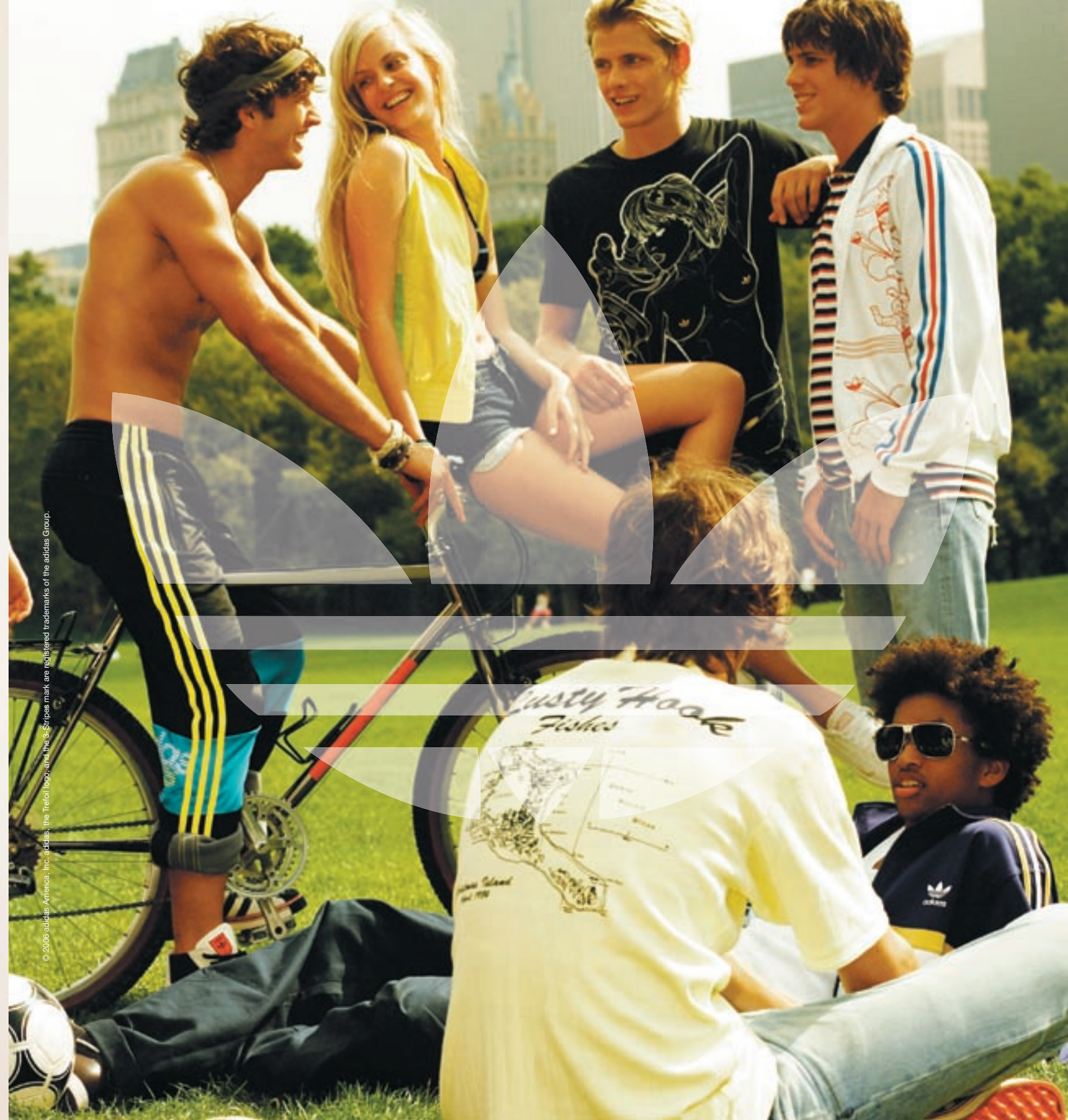
Sonically, *Krak Attack* mimics a smash to the head. A distinctly punk aesthetic (CX is also a member of punk-rap fusionists Deuce Gangsta, with *Krak Attack* contributor EKG) informs the mohawked former-Airborn Audio DJ's bugged-out, crunked-up electro hip-hop, which is generally distilled into manic, one- and two-minute joints. While the hour-long, 32-song album features some familiar voices—Zion I, MC/graf legend Rammellzee (who apparently launched rockets from the shoulders of one of his Gothic Futurist get-ups to the beat while recording "Tricky Dick," a routine that dates back to the Bambaataa/Flash days), Antipop Consortium's High Priest—it's filled out by a cast of largely unknown but talented MCs like Rockola, Moses, Ricky Ray, and DET.

"I (directed) the rappers to rap about krak, and then everybody just went off and did their own thing—not rapping about krak," CX says, explaining the relationship between the MCs' lyrical output and his own thematic vision. "(Everyone) is talking about selling crack, or they shit is crack, so it makes sense in a retarded way. I even tried to bring ladies in the studio. I asked them to stand with their backs to the rappers, and told them their shoelaces were untied. Eventually I had to put skits on the album, so it would make sense to the slower-moving humans."

While he's been holding down Brooklyn for the last decade, CX spent the early '90s in Atlanta where he and Morehouse College classmate Saul Williams formed K.I.N., a group whose spacey vibe and mosh-pit-instigating shows caught the attention of Andre 3000 and Lil' Jon long before Dre donned wigs or Jon got crunk. Reunited with his former partner after nearly 15 years, CX recently served as the one-man band and DJ during Williams' opening slot on the last Nine Inch Nails tour. While on the road, CX and Trent Reznor teamed up to produce a large chunk of the material on Williams' forthcoming album.

"Trent was cool as shit to work with and mad open to all ideas," he says. As for his own wild ideas, CX explains, "I am from the world of Zerf in the 5th Quadrant. We have similar vowel sounds, but our accents have bigger krak attack problems."

Kidtronik's Krak Attack is out now on SOUND-iNK Records.
www.kidtronik.com, www.sound-ink.com



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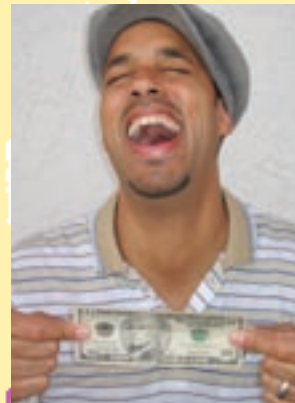
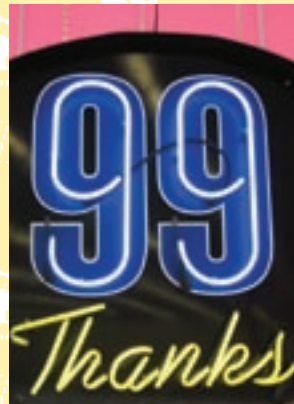
99 PROBLEMS, BUT A STORE AIN'T ONE

Pigeon John goes shopping at the 99 Cent Store

Pimpin' ain't easy, and neither is being an indie hip-hop MC. The resourceful, like Los Angeles MC Pigeon John, don't mourn their lack of bling—they head to the 99 Cent Store. "[It's] an L.A. cultural staple," explains John. "We have more 99s per capita than the entire pitiful planet! 99s are the freshest stores because they have anything you want and need, dangling at your busted fingertips! And you see everyone from chubby Mexican moms to slender Silverlake snakes." PJ's been living on a shoestring budget while making his new record—which features guest spots by RJD2, Rhettmatic, and J Live—so we asked him to show us what \$10 buys you at the happiest store on earth. *Words: Tyra Bangs*

Photos: Verity Smith

Pigeon John...and the Summertime Pool Party (Quannum) hits stores this fall. www.pigeonjohn.com, www.quannum.com



1. TIGHTY WHITEYS

Just in case I run out of my crispy white boxers, I always keep a couple of tighty whiteys on hand. They bring back the old school and make me wanna eat cereal like a kid on Saturday!

2. FAKE ROSES

I'm a fool for romancing the stone. So just in case my wifey needs a little love and attention, I keep these bad boys in the trunk at all times. She's ready like Tom Petty

after I hand her some of these.

3. TOP RAMEN SOUPS

This is the up-and-coming rapper's version of Weight Watchers. They bring back the old school and make me wanna eat cereal like a kid on Saturday!

4. WHITE PONY DAY PLANNER

How could I turn this down? As tours and party-hard events spring up left and right, a pro-party bro

like myself must have a day planner so as to not "double book!"

5. CHILI

Like Top Ramen soups, this item is mandatory. No faking the funk, chumps! Quit your job, buy six months' worth of chili and soups, and live the dream with me!

6. MOUTHWASH

This can make or break you. I hit this at least three times a day, 'cause I don't want to offend

my brothers and sisters! Plus, if you're going through tuff times, it makes a great cocktail.

7. LIGHTER

Are you bored? You don't have cable or dough? Get a great big basket full of newspapers and telephone books, set that bad boy on fire, and push it hard into oncoming traffic. You will remember this for the rest of your powerful life!

8. IRISH SPRING SOAP

Cause ya gotta smell good for da ladies! And it serves as an air freshener when you leave a bar on a windowsill.

9. TORTILLAS

Got a date over your flat? Great! Make her the bomb dessert! Flip a couple of these tortillas over a fire, get 'em crispy, put butter, sugar, cinnamon, and sliced bananas in them, and then serve them to her while singing Billy Joel's "Uptown Girl!" Instant success.

10. BREAD

This will be your savior many o' nights. It goes well with anything at all. Chili dogs, cereal, soup... What else do you need?!

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Jamaican dancehall's boy wonder.

Words Sarah Bentley Photo Debbie Bragg (www.everynight.co.uk)

"The people have spoken. QQ, come back to the stage."

It's 4 a.m. in Kingston and Flexx, host of Passa Passa's third anniversary dance and part of dancehall group T.O.K., is calling QQ back to the stage for the third time. The four-foot-tall child prodigy bounds on and launches straight into a sweet rendition of "Poverty." The song, his first single, held the number-one spot in Jamaica for four weeks in 2005 and stole the record from Dennis Brown who, at 13, had previously been the youngest artist to achieve a number one.

Working the crowd like a veteran, the 12-year-old's microphone-shaped medalion glistens as he pours his soul into roots and culture lyrics addressing the problems of Jamaica's poor. Ghetto kids rush the stage—this is *their* artist. Lighters shoot into the air and a teenager lets off a fire torch. Between verses, QQ urges, "Listen my people," and a hypnotized crowd of downtown rudies, dancehall queens, Rastas, and uptown revellers do exactly that.

As he exits, the crowd calls his name. "Please," he says, stopping them. "There's some big artist back stage a'wait to come on."

The next day—while the majority of the Passa Passa revellers are still sleeping—QQ is sitting in class for a full 8 a.m.-to-3 p.m. school day. He tells me when he first hit the big time his friends would say, "Bwoy, you can't talk to him now he's the big man." To which he'd reply, "No, man, our friendship never changes—the only thing that change is that I now do music."

This maturity is prevalent throughout his songs, saving him from Kris-Kross-esque gimmickry. On tracks like "My God Is Real," "Mrs. Babylon," "Betta Mus Come," and "Never Know the Use of Her," he articulates socially and spiritually deep ideas with a wit and understanding that seems inborn rather than coached. I ask his father if he has always expressed himself with a depth beyond his years. "He's been a powerful youth from the day he was born," he says. "Sometime I have to remember him still a child."

Born Kareem Dawkins, QQ got his first taste of performing in the school choir whilst living in London. Although he excelled in academic subjects, from a toddler music was his passion; at age nine, he asked his father if he could join him in Jamaica to build a musical career. Now living in Marvely in Kingston—an area neither uptown nor downtown—QQ says he spends his days "at school, playing with friends, writing lyrics, praising the Almighty, and recording tracks with producers Kalibud and Bobby Digital," two of the best roots producers in the world.

When asked what his goals are in life, he looks at me earnestly. "[My goal] is to help people unite and love each other," he says. And this is possible through music? "Music has powers," he says. "Music can make you do things, and make you don't do things. Music can change life."

www.qqworld.com



Douglas Coupland's latest book, *JPod*, comes complete with pod people toys.

POD PEOPLE

Douglas Coupland's latest book is information overload.

Vancouver's Douglas Coupland defined youth in the early '90s with works like *Generation X* and *Shampoo Planet*, coaxing deeper meanings from a tech-obsessed generation's collective neuroses. Nearly 15 years later, Coupland faces the question: Will he become obsolete, or merely retro, like some adored but aging game console from childhood?

The author's latest, *JPod* (Bloomsbury; hardcover, \$24), clearly challenges his ability to stay current. A self-proclaimed update on *Microserfs*, Coupland's 1995 look at computer-industry drones, *Jpod* revisits familiar themes, chronicling six 20-something videogame coders looking for spiritual nourishment while building a corporate-controlled skateboarding game.

In many ways, it's information overload. Never missing a chance to riff on trends and technology, the author relishes the chance to intelligently toy with marijuana co-ops, fast-food mascots, Chinese industry, and even Douglas Coupland, inserting a slightly sadistic take on himself—Charlie Kaufmann-style—into the novel. In an interview on the official *Jpod* website, he claims the self-inclusion is his response to Google and online archives that won't disappear. But the whole novel reads like a response from an all-powerful search engine—it's a set of searchword-connected storylines that cover exceptional amounts of cultural ground with very little depth. It all seems rushed and slightly shallow—then again, maybe that is the cultural zeitgeist, something Coupland has always captured. *Patrick Sisson*
www.jpod.info, www.coupland.com, www.bloomsburyusa.com



2



3



1

GOOD STUFF

A few of A Silent Flute's favorite things

"Being from Baltimore, it was tough to get involved in the stuff that I'm interested in," 25-year-old Nat Thomson tells me when I ask him about the impetus for starting his web blog A Silent Flute. Thomson's thorough street-style coverage means New Yorkers read it to find out what's fresh in Japan, while you know his ill grasp of East Coast slang is being jocked by thousands of Gotham-obsessed teens in Shibuya. Thomson, whose all-time favorite things include T. Rex's *Electric Warrior* album and Hysteria Glamour's Sonic Youth tour shirt, concedes that blogging is dorky, but oh-so necessary, and we can't argue. Here are his picks for the summer. *Tyra Bangs*
www.asilentflute.com

1. ARI SNEAKER (STBD)

This one's for all the downtown NYC spotters. If you're sharp like that, you've no doubt caught the ARI logo all over the LES, as he's pretty much Dutch Master-ed that shit. In a logical progression, ARI's taken his sneaker-centricity to the next level, creating a limited run of menthol-flavored (and boxed) joints aimed at those highbrow/lowbrow shoe masters out there, complete with a foil-lined, flip-top box with filter insole.

Available at Clientele, 267 Lafayette St., NYC.

2. A SILENT FLUTE FOR MISHKA NYC T-SHIRT (\$29)

I created this t-shirt for Mishka's summer line after a fruitful brainstorm sesh—imagine Carvel's space cake and Cookie Puss gone psychotropic. In the subsequent design process, I had to tackle some tough Parsons-like design decisions, like "Should I use *weed* or *hash* for the hat?" and "Are cocaine eyes *too* predictable?" At the end of the day, it came out exactly like I pictured it. What's next? A Phil Manzanera shirt, doye.

Available at SSUR, 7 Spring St., NYC.
www.ssurempirestate.com
www.boundlessny.com
www.mishkanyc.com

3. GARNI WHITE CROSS NECKLACE (\$135)

While tacky-on-purpose gold is running downtown-NYC style right now, Tokyo's flavor is all-the-way silver, with Garni running things as one of the best silver specialty brands in the scene. This particular pendant is a favorite: a mellow chain, nice length, and a silver cross with white leather thread. Maybe I've been listening to too much Mobb Deep, but I always tuck mine. Girls *love* this shit, by the way.

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DIRT CREW

Two Germans use simple machines, get rave results.

Words Vivian Host Illustration Donnie Bauer

Pablo Picasso once said, "Good artists borrow. Great artists steal." That's true, but few artists—even in the age of sampling—are ballsy enough to admit their "genius" actually came from someone else.

Not so with Dirt Crew. Germany's two-man house team borrows liberally from the old school, and they'll straight-up tell you so. "Dirt Crew [records] always [have] some disco samples or samples of old techno and house records from the '80s," says 34-year-old Crew member Peter Gijsselaers (also known to Trapez fans as Break 3000). "We then try to mix those sounds with the current minimal techno or minimal house sound. The difference [between us and other electro-house producers] is that we try to keep things on the house side, and always put some of that older Chicago feeling in it."

On *The First Chapter*—a digital collection of 11 of Dirt Crew's previously vinyl-only singles—influences from Cerrone to 808 State to DJ Pierre come through loud and clear. The robotic one-two punch "Rok Da House" and dark, sweaty workouts "What You Want" and "Give Me House" wouldn't be out of place next to classic Trax Records acid jams. And Gijsselaers' favorite track, the duo's remix of Sasse's "Soul Sounds," features spooky hollow synth washes and piano vamps that will give anyone over the age of 30 profound flashbacks of warehouse parties and drugs.

Of course, Dirt Crew records don't sound entirely old—they have a crisp, sharp quality that could only come from today's digital production. Gijsselaers

and 30-year-old partner Felix Eder (a.k.a. James Flavour) work entirely on Macs running Logic, sending tracks back and forth via the internet from their respective homes in Cologne and Berlin. "We don't use any hardware," explains Gijsselaers. "I think if you sample from old records and combine the old analog sounds with the new digital production, you get the best of both worlds." Plus, having too much gear can be distracting. "I found it easier to produce since I sold all my hardware and bought my computer," he says. "Some of the best tracks are made on simple machines."

When Dirt Crew Recordings kicked off in 2003, making new New Beat and acid trax wasn't quite as common as it is today. Where can an act that made their name with retro flavors go from here? Gijsselaers says he's drawing inspiration from producers who combine different genres; he drops names like Âme, Cologne's Daso (who records for My Best Friend), and Solid Groove man Switch ("He takes breakbeat garage and mixes it with electro-house and techno. This is very exciting!").

And if all else fails, Gijsselaers will just build a time machine back to the disco days. "I would love to go back to 1976 or '77," he muses. "I think this was an extraordinary time for freedom—of music, sexuality, drugs. I think the world looked a bit better than now."

Dirt Crew's *The First Chapter* (Players Paradise/Wordandsound) is out now, along with "Silver" b/w "Lost" (My Best Friend) and a remix for Linus Loves (Breastfed). www.dirtcrew.net



Dirt Crew: Peter Gijsselaers (left) and Felix Eder

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You BEHA ASK SOMEBODY

XLR8R asks "What's your most prized possession?"



BERNIE B. FROM LESBIANS ON ECSTASY (LEFT)
 "It has to be the ultra-realistic fake melting ice cream that Ruth Steiner gave me for my 30th birthday. It offers a plethora of prank opportunities; my favorite [is] to place it on my laptop and watch my friends freak out."
 Lesbians on Ecstasy's remix album *Giggles in the Dark* is out now on Alien8. www.alien8.com



ANDY CALDWELL
 "My Powerbook. I probably spend more time geeking out on email and Myspace than I should and this thing is my interface to my entire online digital life. I've done remixes, composed songs, and edited my website with it. I'd be absolutely lost without it."
 Andy Caldwell's *Universal Truth* is out now on OM Records. www.om-records.com



AWOL ONE
 "One of my most prized possessions is a [vinyl copy of] *Criminal Minded* I have signed by KRS-One with a note on it reading "Yo AWOL, you are hip-hop."
 AWOL One's *The War of Art* is out now on Cornerstone R.A.S. www.awolone.com



YOUNG PUNKS

Larry Clark's *Wassup Rockers* looks at Latino rock culture in the City of Angels

It's been more than 10 years since Larry Clark's seminal *Kids* made every teenager in America want to move to New York City, and every parent in America want to keep them as far away as humanly possible. With *Wassup Rockers*, Clark brings his signature style to the West Coast, following a group of Latino punks on a racially and socially charged journey from their home in South Central to the surreal world of Beverly Hills. Like *Kids*, the film blurs the line between documentary and narrative filmmaking, with handheld cameras and non-actors taking starring roles.

Wassup Rockers grew out of a chance meeting between Clark and the teenage

stars of the film while Clark was on a photo shoot for a French magazine. "My first thought was that you *never* see kids like this in film," says the director. "They're at an age where they should have the freedom to express themselves in any way they want to," he continues. "But the peer pressure to conform in the ghetto is amazing—it's stronger than Beverly Hills or the suburbs or anywhere else. These kids have to fight because they want to wear their hair long and listen to punk rock and skate and wear tight clothes and just have fun and not smoke pot [or] drink." *Evan Shamoon*

Wassup Rockers is out June 23 on First Look Pictures. www.wassuprockers.net

DESERT STORM

Troublemaking and trailer sex at the seventh annual Coachella Festival. *Words* Brianna Pope, *Photos* Vivian Host



JOHN MACLEAN (RIGHT) AND NICK MILLHISER FROM THE JUAN MACLEAN (NEW YORK, NEW YORK)

What's the most scandalous thing you've seen at a festival? *John*: A coke-addled scene with Jerry, our drummer, and Tyler from !!! doing rails off a bulldozer at 5 a.m. at Benicàssim in Barcelona. At that point in the night, Jerry couldn't even open his mouth.

What's the craziest thing you see yourself doing this weekend? *John*: [silence] I think I'm disappointing you. *Nick*: Going to see My Morning Jacket.

What song do you get most hyped to perform? *John*: "Give Me Every Little Thing"; *Nick*: "Shining Skinned Friend"

What song always reminds you of summer? *Nick*: "Shook Ones Pt. II" by Mobb Deep

Do you plan on having sex in your trailer?
John: If you plan on it, it's not going to happen. *Nick*: Unfortunately, I'm planning on it.



MYLO (ISLE OF SKYE, SCOTLAND)

What band are you most excited to see? Daft Punk. I wear my love for them on my sleeve. They're a great influence.

What's the most scandalous thing you've seen at a festival? At Glastonbury a few years back there was a guy performing cunnilingus on a woman in front of a group of hippies.

What's the craziest thing you see yourself doing this weekend? Just having a gin and tonic, hitting the jacuzzi, then going to bed. I'm reformed.

What song do you get most hyped to perform? "Paris 400" from *Destroy Rock & Roll*—it's a real rock-out song.

Desert, beach, or snowy tundra? Desert. I'm going to retire there.

Do you plan on having sex in your trailer?
 Oh hell yeah! [My girlfriend and I] are gonna do the A to Z. We're gonna take a chainsaw to it.



MURS (LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA)

What band are you most excited to see? Bloc Party or myself, not 'cause I want to see myself, but because I want to get it over with.

What's the most scandalous thing you've seen at a festival? Girls trying to hit on me in front of the girl I'm with.

What song do you get most hyped to perform? "Dream Chaser" off my new album, *Murray's Revenge*.

What song always reminds you of summer? "Summertime" by Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince

Desert, beach, or snowy tundra? Desert *and* beach. I'm from L.A., so I have to have both.

Do you plan on having sex in your trailer? The girl I brought just had her period, so no. It's not that I'm against having sex on the period, but I have to respect the other guys who are using the trailer and not make a mess.



CHRIS URBANOWICZ FROM THE EDITORS (NOTTINGHAM, UK)

What band are you most excited to see? Bloc Party. I haven't seen them since Glastonbury and they were great.

What's the most scandalous thing you've seen at a festival? A guy masturbating in a field at Glastonbury.

What's the craziest thing you see yourself doing this weekend? It's hot, so anything I'd get into would be very dirty.

What song do you get most hyped to perform? "You Are Fading," the b-side to a single off our first album.

What song always reminds you of summer? "Staying Out for the Summer," a crap Britpop record by Dodgy

Desert, beach, or snowy tundra? Pier

Do you plan on having sex in your trailer? You can't plan those things.



IAN PARTON FROM THE GO! TEAM (BRIGHTON, UK)

What band are you most excited to see? It would have been Deerhoof, but we weren't here on Saturday.

What's the craziest thing you see yourself doing this weekend? [The band has] gotten into stage diving. We have a point system: Just to get to the barricade is one point, but a launch-off is worth two. We'll assess the gap situation when we get on stage.

What song do you get most hyped to perform? A new song called "Titanic Vandalism." [The band] jumps at the same time for the opening four bars.

What song always reminds you of summer? "Wichita Lineman" by Glen Campbell

Desert, beach, or snowy tundra? I'm a big fan of earmuffs and snowy fashion, so I'll say snowy tundra.

Do you plan on having sex in your trailer? I guess not, no.

For more Coachella photos, visit www.xlr8r.com/peepshow.



MYLES HESKETT (LEFT) AND CHRIS ROSS FROM WOLFMOTHER (SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA)

What band are you most excited to see? *Myles*: Daft Punk. It was the best thing we've seen in years.

What song do you get most hyped to perform? *Myles*: "White Unicorn" because I never know if I'm gonna fuck up the fills; *Chris*: The keyboard-heavy songs 'cause I can be free and jump around.

What song always reminds you of summer? *Myles*: "Live At Domino's" by The Avalanches; *Chris*: "Summer Babe" by Pavement

Desert, beach, or snowy tundra? *Both*: Snowy tundra

Do you plan on having sex in your trailer?
Myles: We don't have a trailer anymore, so it's going to have to happen here by the ATM.



Serena-Maneesh (left to right): Lina Holström, Einar Lukerstein, Øystein Sandsdalen, Hilma Nikolaisen, Eivind Schou, Emil Nikolaisen

SERENA-MANEESH

Norwegian power-trippers bring wandering unpredictability to rough-hewn rock.

Words Patrick Sisson Photo Lars Petter Pettersen

Emil Nikolaisen—the guitarist, lead singer, and songwriter of Norwegian rock band Serena-Maneesh—talks about writing songs like the late Hunter S. Thompson talked about lost weekends in Vegas. This isn't a pharmacological comparison by any means. It's just that Nikolaisen channels pure passion when music is the subject at hand; he aggressively, almost breathlessly, gushes that he wants to make music that challenges preconceived notions of pop and rock.

"There are so many ways to let a tone or melody shine through," he says. "Every song should have a personality and an upbringing. They're like kids."

The kids, certainly, are alright. Nikolaisen's verbal excitement hints at the raucous, unhinged sound Serena-Maneesh creates on stage, with sets of songs that sound like gilded My Bloody Valentine-style sonic structures being demolished by the macho rage of The Stooges. At their March show at Chicago's Empty Bottle, the group dropped into a trance and Nikolaisen followed suit, his thin frame contorting and channeling feedback like a Norse Jimi Hendrix. Surrounded by fog belched from a

smoke machine, his left arm, wrapped in a swirling snake tattoo, shook the electric guitar's fretboard while his right hand unleashed warm waves of fuzz. "Every night we play is a new story," he says. "On stage, we're a psychedelic band of gypsies."

The band's history certainly supports that comparison. The group has seen members come and go over time, from its formation in Oslo in 1999 to the recording of the 2002 *Fixations* EP and their self-titled debut album. Nikolaisen's striking sister, Hilma, often compared to chanteuse Nico, plays bass (though she wasn't in the lineup for their American tour last winter). The band is also rootless, having traveled extensively (Chicago, New York, Stockholm) while recording their debut full-length.

The only constant with the wandering members of Serena-Maneesh is their inquisitive musical approach. "We're trying to return back to when rock was immature and curious and take a new tangent," Nikolaisen offers. That tangent involves taking apart pop and building it back up again, threading lines of gorgeous, extroverted guitar

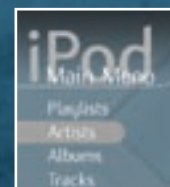
between droning soundscapes, tribal drumming, and cryptic English lyrics. Though comparisons have been made to shoegaze bands, Nikolaisen feels the group has more in common with acts like Royal Trux and The Stooges. On songs like "Sapphire Eyes," pushed ahead by a manic beat and ethereal blues riffs, and "Beehive II," which courses with aggressive and sleazy guitar, the influence of those groups isn't hard to divine. But in other places, the head rush of layered noise and warm vocals recalls something My Bloody Valentine's Kevin Shields would cook up in the studio.

Already at work on a remix album and a fall U.S. tour, Serena-Maneesh plans to continue pressing forward, with little rest in sight. The end goal is as nebulous as the band's music. Nikolaisen speaks of a dream sound he hears in his head. As the band navigates its way through one intense live performance after another, it's easy to imagine that sound is lost somewhere inside the chaos.

Serena-Maneesh's self-titled album is out now on PlayLouder.
www.serena-maneesh.com

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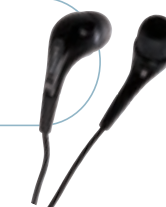
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GRIFFIN



TRIP OUT

Scotland's Triptych Festival boasts one of the most adventuresome line-ups around.

The Triptych festival (April 26-30) is a presentation of the freshest music showcased across Scotland's three main cities: Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. The artists involved travel between the three cities over a five-day period, playing at unique venues along the way, accompanied by a daytime film program featuring music documentaries. Now in its sixth year, the event endeavors to showcase new talent alongside the living legends who inspired them, and this year's artist list was certainly filled with surprises, including Roxanne Shante, A Certain Ratio, Top Cat, U-Roy, Arab Strap, Kutmasta Kurt, and Big Daddy Kane. With a line-up as tasty as a gourmet haggis and side order of roasties, we happily traveled far to see how the Scottish put on a knees-up. *Text and Photos by David Bowen (www.bophoto.co.uk) www.triptychfestival.com*



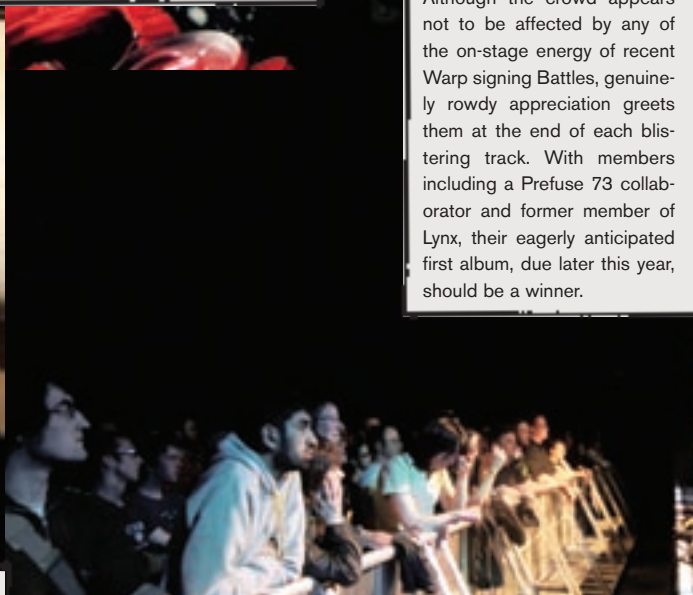
While DJing with CD-Rs and a laptop, Carl Craig effortlessly pulls off an astonishing stretch.



Although the crowd appears not to be affected by any of the on-stage energy of recent Warp signing Battles, genuinely rowdy appreciation greets them at the end of each blistering track. With members including a Prefuse 73 collaborator and former member of Lynx, their eagerly anticipated first album, due later this year, should be a winner.



A spell is cast when the Sun Ra Arkestra puts on their sequined Smurf hats and does the freeform thing they've been doing since the '50s. A nod from director Marshall Allen brings life to the gently rocking soloists, who leap up with gusto to lift the groove into another dimension. The brass section randomly wanders off into the crowd, the conga player pulls off some convincing breakdance moves, and suddenly we're watching the most memorable of this year's Triptych performances.



The inspired photographer showcases his virtuosity by employing the flash-sync lead for perspective (ahem) during Carl Craig's set.



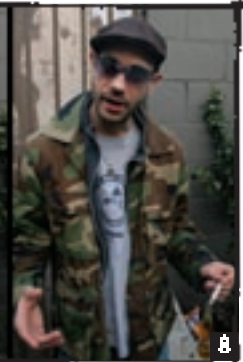
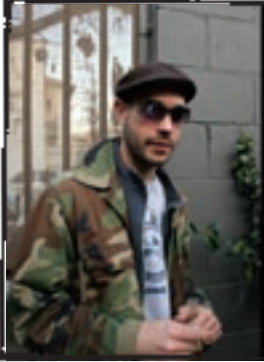
The range of music caters to all ages. Legendary drummer Steve Reid exposes jazz fans to the music of Four Tet as they perform music from the first installment of their distinguished collaboration, *The Exchange Session: Vol. 1* (Domino).



Scottish brand Tenants Lager bankrolls the whole shebang, with help from local councils and Fopp records. It's unusual to give props to a sponsor, but Tenants has proven to be a worthy and free-thinking collaborator. They give Triptych's promoters free reign to bring in lesser-known talent and understand the U.K.'s need for a festival that doesn't involve sitting in a field of sewage and getting rained on.



For more of David Bowen's photos from Triptych and the surrounding city streets, visit www.xlr8r.com/peepshow.



SPIN CYCLE
News and gossip from
the music world

British house producer **Switch** (Freerange, Dubsided) recently traveled to Trinidad with **M.I.A.** to produce tracks for her new album. • DC skater **Rob Dyrdek** and his bodyguard **Big Black** are getting their own reality show about their crazy adventures. *Rob and Big Black* will air in the fall on **MTV**. • Mike Skinner (a.k.a. **The Streets**) is currently trying to sign grime MC/producer **Wiley**, who was recently dropped from his deal with **XL Recordings**, to Skinner's label, **The Beats**. Current artists on the imprint include rappers **Professor Green** and **The Mitchell Brothers**. • Artist **Bwana Spoons** recently opened his own shop, selling goodies from La Merde, **APAK**, and **Girly Fries**, as well as zines, comics, and tees. **Grass Hut Shop** is located at 811 East Burnside in Portland, Oregon. • In the mid-'90s, **Rawkus Records** defined independent hip-hop with records by **The High & Mighty**, **Mos Def**, **Talib Kweli**, **Company Flow**, and **Pharoahe Monch**. The label recently relaunched with *Five Sparrows for Two Cents*, a new album from Colorado's **The Procussions**. Visit www.rawkus.com. • British house label **Defected** has a new monthly podcast.

Check it at www.defected.com. • **Mass Appeal** has a new women's magazine out called *Missbehave*. • In May, DJs **Megatron**, **Subtek**, and **Jamin Creed** celebrated the one-year anniversary of their **Grime City** party in San Francisco. • On April 20, drum & bass record store **Breakbeat Science** reopened as **Bblessing**, a collaborative effort with Daniel Jackson from design collective **Surface to Air**, who designed **BBS's** Tokyo store in 2003. **Bblessing** will feature art, music, and men's fashion labels including **Raf Simons**, **Preen**, and **Rag & Bone**. • On April 29, DJ **Dusk** (a.k.a. Tarek Captan), a resident at **Root Down** and a fixture on the Los Angeles scene, was struck and killed by a drunk driver in Culver City. He was leaving a Quinceañera party when he the accident occurred. **Dusk** saved his girlfriend's life by pushing her out of the way of the oncoming car. *XLR8R's* thoughts are with **Dusk's** family and friends. • The web has its own dedicated hip-hop video show, featuring videos and interviews with the likes of **Murs**, **Little Brother**, and **Immortal Technique**. Peep it at www.TheBreakdown.tv. • After whirlwind European dates with **DFA** boss **Tim Goldsworthy**, rumor has it **Tim Sweeney**

will embark on future DJ tours with **John MacLean** of **The Juan MacLean** and another friend. • **Lookout Records** co-owner and ex-**Bratmobile** member **Molly Neuman** launches a new label, **Simple Social** *Graces Disco*, on June 6 with **Haranna Hanne**, an album from Barcelona band **Les Aus**. Upcoming releases are expected from **Ted Leo**, Madrid's **Grabba Grabba Tape**, and Los Angeles' **Fast Forward**. • Mischievous electronic punk **Mochipet** is gearing up for the *Feel My China II* remix album on his **Daly City Records** label; it will feature cut-ups from the likes of **Machine Drum**, **Dino Felipe**, **Doormouse**, and **Mad E.P.** See www.dalycityrecords.com for more. • True school hip-hop fans take note: **Gang Starr's Guru** is working on *Jazzmatazz Vol. 4*, a double-disc set produced by **Solar** to be released in early 2007. Confirmed guests on this installment of the hugely popular series include **Common** and British pop star **Natasha Bedingfield**. • Scandal time! Rumor has it that dance label **Ultra Records** stole house artist **Kaskade** away from the **OM** label at **WMC 2006**. • Following the success of October 2005's **Dangerdoom**—and because stoners love nothing better than hip-hop and cartoons (except maybe sugar cereals)—**Stones Throw** is producing an album with **Cartoon Network's Adult Swim**, due out in September. Usual suspects **Madvillain**, **Aloe Blacc**, and **Koushik** will all take part. • Speaking of smokers... **Gravis'** new summer collection is all **hemp** shoes and bags, with details like secret stash pockets and footbeds printed with the Declaration of Independence. • Now go get a tan!

1. The Streets; 2. Mochipet;
3. Solar and Guru; 4. Tim Sweeney (Photo by Tim Soter);
5. The Procussions; 6. Murs (Photo by Dan Monick);
7. Kaskade; 8. DJ Dusk (Photo by Azul)

psalm one

THE DEATH OF FREQUENT FLYER

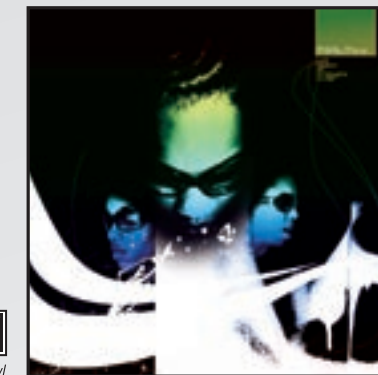
The new album from Southside Chicago native **Psalm One**. Featuring appearances by **Brother Ali**, **Thaione Davis**, **KaDi** and **Ang13**. Produced by **Overflo**, **Ant**, **Maker**, **Thaione Davis**, **Madd Crates**, and **V-Traxx**.

IN STORES 7.18.06

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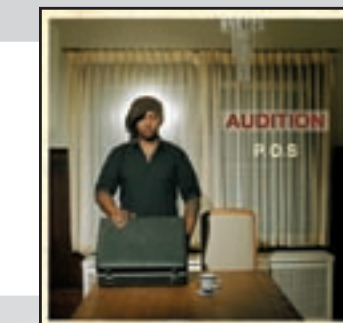
"Things do indeed go better with **Blueprint** and **Rjd2** in your ears, because they recognize hip hop's limitless potential..." -**RapReviews.com** (9 of 10)

"What's with Minnesotans and their scary good indie hip hop records?" -**Spin** (A-)

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COMING SOON **BROTHER ALI** "THE UNDISPUTED TRUTH", **MAC LETHAL** "11:11" AND MORE...



Electric Company

The life and times of Get Physical, Germany's most electrifying house label.

WORDS: ANNA BALKRISHNA, VIVIAN HOST, MARK PYTLIK, RACHEL SHIMP
PHOTOS: HEIKO RICHARD IMAGE EDITING: SERMED DARAH

Every once in a while, a label comes along that we can't stop loving. We fiend for their next release. Their 12"s capture something in eight minutes that entire albums can't capture in over an hour, and we are forced to listen to them over and over. Their anthems define important moments for us, in and out of the club. Over the last two years, that label has been Get Physical. First, they bombarded us with DJ T's electrifying *Boogie Playground* album and massive anthems from Booka Shade ("Mandarine Girl") and M.A.N.D.Y. ("Body Language"). Now they're branching out with new releases from Fuck Pony, Snax & Ianeq, and Discemi (Jori Hulkonnen and Tuomas Salmela), as well as a sub-label called Kindisch (which translates as "childish"). Here's the story of the people behind the little German electro-house imprint that rocked the world.

www.get-physical.com





"It's the dream we had as kids coming true." - Arno Kammermeier

Arno Kammermeier (left) and Walter Merzinger

Booka Shade

Get Physical's power duo makes everything go right.

With apologies to Lindström, Trentemøller, and Isolée, no single track was more emblematic of minimal techno and electro-house in 2005 than Booka Shade's "Mandarine Girl." Boasting a pneumatic synth line and one of the most pervasive melodies of the year, its rushy allure cemented public opinion on Booka Shade's—and, by extension, Get Physical's—undeniable dancefloor power.

Its dual-pronged effect also robbed members Arno Kammermeier and Walter Merzinger of what little sleep they were getting. In addition to touring as a live band and co-managing Get Physical, the duo functions as the label's resident engineers, producing everything by label co-owners DJ T. and M.A.N.D.Y. as well as output from Chelonis R. Jones and Sunset People. Add to that their ownership stake in the Berlin-based commercial music house Perky Park and it's a wonder they have time to write tracks as Booka Shade at all.

Yet here they are, one year after "Mandarine Girl," wielding a brand new full-length that's brimming with an improbable collection of highs. Whether in the twerky electro of "Night Falls," the gothic shimmer of "Darko," or the trancey workout of the massive "In White Rooms," *Movements* is a looser, larger record than 2005's *Memento*, its sound specifically born out of the duo's touring experience. "The reaction we got during the live show is all in this album," enthuses Merzinger. "That's why it's more positive and more open."

It's a career milestone that's been a long time coming. Although the name has only come into prominence over the past few years, Kammermeier and Merzinger have been recording as Booka Shade since the mid-'90s and have been making music together since they were young. United in the mid-'80s by a shared love of Human League, Tears For

Fears, and Depeche Mode, they spent countless hours making music in their teens. "Walter had two cassette recorders, so we'd play the one and record it onto the other," Kammermeier laughs. "We'd do it 10 times and in the end you wouldn't hear anything but noise."

Out of high school, the pair flirted briefly with national pop stardom when their synth-pop outfit Planet Claire (named after a B-52's song) scored a minor chart hit, but it wasn't long before the major label grind wore them down. After Planet Claire's "difficult second album" left the charts unbothered, they sought refuge in Berlin's blossoming techno scene. "That's when we decided we'd rather be in the studio working as songwriters and producers than actual artists," says Kammermeier.

Together, he and Merzinger spent the next decade flitting between the electronic music world—releasing 12"s for labels like Abfahrt, Le Petit Prince, and Sven Väth's Eye-Q—and the pop world, where they worked as songwriters/producers-for-hire for Culture Beat and *German Pop Idol* winners No Angels. While they relished the thrill of writing for the charts, they despised the attendant label machinations. Perversely, they quit on the eve of their first number one single for No Angels. "Even though it was my biggest wish to be number one, it [meant] nothing more than a good bank account and a number on a paper," says Merzinger. "I wasn't really happy so after that experience we decided never to do it again. Money-wise, it was very successful but artistically it was nothing."

It took a chance visit from old friends to make them realize electronic music hadn't entirely run aground. "One night Philip and Patrick from M.A.N.D.Y. came over and played us the right records again," Merzinger recalls. "We were blown away by Metro

Area and Chicken Lips, and suddenly it seemed like a very good time for electronic music again." The duo joined forces with M.A.N.D.Y. and DJ T., and out of that partnership came Get Physical.

Fast forward five years and Booka Shade is leading electronic music's latest charge, something Merzinger still hasn't quite wrapped his head around. "It's quite strange for German producers," he explains. "Normally, Germans consume music but we don't produce it. But it's changed—suddenly we're on the table, people recognize us, and they like the music." For his part, Kammermeier savors the chance to lead the party. "I can always take pleasure out of the fact that there are people being very childish and letting loose and going wild and that we can write the soundtrack a little bit for that," he says.

Their dalliances in the pop world are now eons away ("We have to face the fact that we most probably will never sell as many records as Michael Jackson," jokes Kammermeier), but Booka Shade is steadily injecting pop back into techno. And despite everything going on with their label, their ballooning profile, and their familial obligations (Kammermeier has a son), they're having the most fun they've ever had as musicians. "I keep telling my wife when I go off every weekend that it's the dream we had as kids coming true," Kammermeier says. "The funny thing is, we have some very old photos of us playing live when we were 16 or so and the setup hasn't changed very much. I still play drums and Walter plays keyboards. We haven't really come a long way." *Mark Pytlík*

Hot Tips

Since Booka Shade spends approximately 89% of their waking lives in the studio, we thought we'd tap them for a few recording tips. Here's Arno Kammermeier on the band's favorite software and studio techniques.

FX

"Our favorite destructive FX tools are the Camel Audio series: CamelSpace (beautiful for dubby delay FX) and CamelPhat (very good for distorted and lo-fi FX). There's also [Smart Electronix's] DFX Buffer Override (very simple but very good for granulizing) and the Filter Freak series by Sound Toys. Another affordable but very effective plug-in is the SFX Machine."

Studio workflow

"A normal Booka Shade studio session starts with effecting, bouncing, reversing, and bitcrushing samples so that we can fiddle around with our own phrases. The track 'Trespass 06' is a perfect example [of how this works]—the main riff is just an accident from an FX machine. We shortened the sequence to less than one bar so it was always moving around the beat and changing the riff."

Mixing

"To get real punch and warmth we use Fairchild compressors (on Pro Tools HD3), Joe Meek EQs, and the PSP VintageWarmer. Sometimes I put a lo-fi plug-in in the master section before the compressor and limiter to have more dirt. The filter bank from Mac DSP is very helpful, too. Having a bit of bitcrushing in a bus after a reverb FX can also make the sound rough and noisy."

DASH Signature's daHornet plug-in

"This is one of our most favorite synth plug-ins. It sounds really cheap, quite individual and unique, and the price is ridiculous—around \$20USD, I think. The main melodies and riffs off 'Darko' are from this machine. It's actually an emulation of an '80s synth called Wasp."

Arturia's Minimog V plug-in

"An amazing synth plug-in from Arturia with very good filters and some extras [that] the original Minimog didn't have. Sometimes we use it for drum sounds, especially hi-hats. The synth hats on 'Mandarine Girl' are from the Minimog."



*"You don't need a house music revolution anymore."
- Patrick Bodmer*

Patrick Bodmer (left) and Philipp Jung



*"I'm a cosmo-sexual."
- Chelonis R. Jones*

M.A.N.D.Y. The label's rambunctious pair wants to party all the time.

"Hold on a second—Philipp just walked in and I've got to steal a cigarette!" interrupts Patrick Bodmer of M.A.N.D.Y., who's speaking to me on the phone from Get Physical's Berlin office. He's been jonesing for a beer and a smoke all night, and with good reason. He and partner Philipp Jung have been put through the ringer lately, having just finished a U.S. tour with Booka Shade that kicked off at Miami's Winter Music Conference—a week wherein, by some accounts, their white-hot 12" "Body Language" was the most frequently played record.

Miami glory notwithstanding, their Stateside gigs were a tad rough around the edges, in both the best and worst senses. Take Los Angeles, for example: "The police got noise complaints, so we were forced to play on these shitty monitors for about 150 people," explains Bodmer. "Nobody could hear a thing! So we got on the mic and started announcing, 'Here comes the next song' or 'Now the bass is coming in!' It was so funny that pretty soon everyone was having an incredible time!"

Such a cheerfully rough approach is pure M.A.N.D.Y. Bodmer and Jung have a rep as the rambunctious element of the Get Physical camp; and their back story reads like a series of happy highjinks, a music career accidentally born from the shenanigans of boys who never grew up. The two have been best mates since they played in the same Saarbruecken tennis club at age 13; label-mate and Booka Shade producer Walter Merziger befriended them after Bodmer threw a particularly impressive rager at his parents' house during secondary school. The seeds of M.A.N.D.Y. were sown in 1990 as a way for old school friends to keep in touch after graduation. (The acronym is anyone's guess, though; it's a boyhood in-joke that the two are notoriously tightlipped about.)

"We were university students raving our asses off, and we just said, 'Hey, we have these friends with a studio, let's make some music with them,'" Bodmer recalls. "Arno [Kammermeier, of Booka Shade] and Walter had a synth pop band back then—they wanted to be like Depeche Mode! But when we came in and started pushing buttons, somehow what came

out was techno."

In the past few years, along with their Get Physical labelmates, M.A.N.D.Y. has propelled the electro-house sound to center stage, rescuing house from the operating-table sterility of the micro formula and putting it back on the dancefloor with plenty of retro-acid arpeggiation, muscular rhythms, and just enough swing. Tracks such as the vocoder-led "Don't Stop" or "Put Put Put," heard on M.A.N.D.Y.'s first mix compilation for the label in 2004, recall sweaty clubs of past decades while maneuvering smartly past nostalgia. It's a brand of chutzpah that has since brought the duo steady work as remixers for folks like Fischerspooner, Freeform Five, Rex the Dog, and Röyksopp.

With the release of their third DJ mix, *Get Physical Vol. II*, Jung and Bodmer view the "electro-house" moniker with the suspicion of Dr. Frankenstein beholding his monster. "We've been talking lately about how to get out of this 'electro-house' trap," says Bodmer. "In the beginning it was the right term, because the music had a more

electronic sound; [it had] the energy of techno but was still danceable. But now producers everywhere are just injecting these big basslines into house music, and it's become soulless."

Though he offers the term "science-fiction disco" as an alternative, Bodmer suggests that dance music has now inbred to such an extent that genres are beside the point. "At this point, you don't need a house music revolution anymore," he offers. "Why should you need a new name for it, when some of the best records we play are from 20 years ago? Let's just call it house music from 2006!" *Anna Balkrishna*

Chelonis R. Jones An iconoclastic vocalist banishes bedroom techno once and for all.

Chelonis R. Jones has been Get Physical's underdog since his first two Booka Shade-produced singles, 2002's "One & One" and its follow-up, "I Don't Know." The tracks pulse with a voice rarely heard in Germany's minimal techno scene—a melancholy falsetto more akin to Chicago house diva Robert Owens than L'uomo's pop whispers.

Jones' unique sound is shaped by his history. After growing up in California, he moved to Europe by way of NYC in the mid-'90s to chase artistic dreams. Now stationed in Frankfurt, he creates music and art inspired by a difficult adolescence, rough times on the street, avoiding skinheads in Berlin and Frankfurt, and the more than 25 bands he's played with throughout his career. Still, he says the biggest coup in his career was moving to Europe in the first place. "[In New York], I would've been buried underneath [the competition] in one year," he says. "Because I was so strange for the German electronic scene, it gave me a chance to actually surface."

Jones still remains relatively unheard of in the States, despite the European success of his 2005 debut album, *Dislocated Genius*. The outspoken record pairs frank, thought-provoking lyrics with of-the-moment dance arrangements, delivering directives to "Move your body" and "Use your mind" at the same time. Jones says that the depth of his

lyrical content often got lost amidst the grooves. "A lot of people think *Dislocated* was the party album of the year, which I find utterly offensive," he balks.

Dislocated explores themes of race, identity, and the loneliness that comes with eccentricity, carrying on a dialogue begun on past singles like "Black Sabrina," which honored Harlem renaissance poets Langston Hughes and Countee Cullen. "Blackface" tackles racism head-on, as does the incendiary album art, which features a painting Jones made of a "darkie" eating a slice of watermelon. "You get racism everywhere you go," Jones says. "Even in Europe it still exists. If you're beautiful or not, the first thing you are to people is black."

Though his lyrics are rarely gender-specific, Chelonis R. Jones can nonetheless be extremely camp. He doesn't mind the inevitable curiosity about his upfront sexuality. "I'm a cosmo-sexual," he laughs, when asked about his orientation. "I can't decide so I don't think about it anymore. It takes too much time."

Indeed, time is valuable to Jones, whose next focus is popularizing himself in his homeland. This looks likely to happen later this year when Get Physical releases *Chatterton*, a new album which Jones promises will be "even more scandalous." *Rachel Shimp*

*Electric
Company*

*"I miss the
butt-moving
grooves."
- DJ T.*



DJ T. A no-nonsense mixmaster condenses 20 years of house into a distinctive style all his own.

Thomas Koch (a.k.a. DJ T.) says the movie character he most identifies with is *Star Wars'* C-3PO. Perhaps it's not surprising that Koch feels like a droid at the moment—he's been on the road for months, from New York to Sydney to Jakarta, spreading the gospel of Get Physical, all the while listening to every demo that comes through the label's mailbox.

Koch is the real DJ star of the crew, delivering shimmering, flawlessly executed sets that expose the label's ethos as they span the gamut of house, from Italo to acid to futurist robot funk. These same influences informed his electrifying debut, December, 2005 *Boogie Playground*, whose titles—"Galaga," "Rave D'Amour," "Rimini Rimini Rimini"—speak volumes about the '80s underground influences that lie within.

"I feel like I have more in common with artists like Joakim and Tomas Barfod than with all these electro-housers," says 36-year-old Koch when I quiz him about his place in the genre. "For most of the current producers, electro-house means only bringing maximum functional beats and fat synth basslines together. It reminds of middle-to-late-'80s pop—very clean. What gets released under this category is all pretty much the same formula; it's too cold, too sterile for my sets. I miss the butt-moving grooves, as well as the warm elements and organic and hypnotic [vibes]."

For a DJ/producer, Koch has quite clear ideas of what he likes and doesn't like, which translate into some helpful advice for up-and-coming DJs. "Staying in the international market over decades is all about developing your own unique

style," he counsels. "If your style can be confounded with somebody else's, then you can of course still do a proper thing, but you will never reach the top class. Don't fall into the common trap of trying to play a mix up of everything that seems to be hip. Have faith to your roots and express your roots in your music."

Then again, while Koch spends most of his working life in nightclubs, he's quite content to sit at home with his "ridiculously huge" DVD collection during his off hours. "To be honest, there is not much motivation to go to nightclubs when I'm not playing," he avers. "On the other hand, I'm sure that I will never stop doing it completely. I'm too fascinated by the night as a medium to ever live only a daytime life." *Vivian Host*

SYNTHESIS IGNITED.



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Live Fast

Breakcore producers make maniac music for modern-day punks.

WORDS: MATT EARP

What defines the current breakcore scene—a style and community rising from the ashes of gabber, noise, breaks, and ragga jungle—is what doesn't define it. Even Jace Clayton (DJ /rupture), who's known for his erudite commentary, can only describe it in vague terms. "It was this amazing *danceable* noise with some kinda reggae bass/base to it," he writes of the first time he heard breakcore scene pioneer DJ Scud play at one of the Soundlab parties in New York.

Indeed, Scud and Nomex tracks like "Total Destruction" helped create the blueprint for much of breakcore's sound, a high-bpm mash-up of hyperkinetic, post-jungle breaks, feedback, noise, and Jamaican elements paired with a devil-may-care attitude towards sampling that pulls from the broadest musical spectrum of styles (hip-hop, rock, industrial, pop, and beyond). And even 12 years after the debut of seminal labels like Scud's Ambush, Christoph Fringelli's Praxis, Alec Empire's Digital Hardcore, Kurt Eckes' Drop Bass, and Australia's super hardcore Bloody Fist, the scene continues to seethe with energy and unexpected twists.

But ballistic sonics are only half the equation—experiencing the culture behind breakcore is just as important. And the only true way to get a feeling for the scene is to make it out to events like Breakcore Gives Me Wood in Ghent, Belgium, Jason Forrest's Wasted parties in Berlin or any one of hundreds of smaller events around the world, often outdoors and free. It's there that artists, the majority of whom perform live, unleash their sonic assault and some serious antics: singing, screaming, moshing, telling jokes, tearing their clothes off, bashing their heads on tables and then bleeding on the audience, making the most of thrift store bins for crazy costumes, and, bizarrely, almost always wearing funny hats. Breakcore artists are some of the most thoughtful, inventive, and politically progressive people making music today, but on stage they are a bunch of fucking loons.

While the parties are open to a range of styles (it's not uncommon to hear dancehall, ragga jungle, and grime), there's much debate within the scene about what is and isn't breakcore, and the usefulness of the term itself. (For more on the discussion, check the lively web forum at www.c8.com.) Daniel Eiterherd—the force behind Graz, Austria's Elevate festival and moderator of online breakcore community Widerstand.org—thinks the lack of consensus is a positive thing. "The fact that such a huge discussion in a scene is possible is just simply great," he says. "Self-reflection is a [virtue] that you won't often find. I describe 'breakcore' as a state of open-mindedness—any new direction the music goes is fine, because I know there's not just one but literally hundreds of directions the music *will* go."

Perhaps the most striking thing about breakcore—besides a new artist cropping up nearly every hour—is that, unlike grime or *baile* funk, the scene lacks a single geographic center. Hot spots include Berlin and Belgium as well as London, the American Midwest (birthplace of the legendary Drop Bass Network and Dan Doormouse's long-running Addict Label), and California (San Francisco's 5lower-shop and L.A.'s Darkmatter Sound System). Ultimately, it's the internet that has facilitated breakcore's fast and far-reaching spread.

The six artists profiled here have wildly divergent and sometimes conflicting views, and they're just a sampling of the state of the genre, and they're just a sampling of the iconoclasts that populate this enthusiastic scene.

Hecate

There is no greater single force of personality in the scene than Hecate, the founder of the fiercely independent Zhark International label and creator of 10 years' worth of "the most destroyed and blasphemous electronic beat fuckery." Her sound is a dark, almost alchemic hybrid of blistering, stuttering breaks, power noise, and Eastern influences, and she has collaborated with numerous artists from across both the breakcore and the Satanic, black, and death metal scenes.

Hecate—born Rachael Kozak and currently living in Basel, Switzerland—is keenly aware of her status as a female label owner and artist in a male-dominated scene; sex is a major theme in her work, along with death and the occult. One of the most extreme examples of Hecate's aesthetic is *Nymphomatriarch*, an album made entirely out of recordings of herself and Venetian Snares having sex on their two-week tour in 2003.

If you're getting the idea that Kozak is the scene's ultimate provocateur, you're not half wrong. But for all its blatant shock value, *Nymphomatriarch*, like all her releases, is still highly emotional, dark music that kicks ass, blowing everyone else away for raw complexity and energy. Hecate is clearly a force to be reckoned with, a claim recently reinforced by the April release of her *Brew Hideous* (Sublight/Hymen) album. Look out for forthcoming material from Treachery (a collaboration with Ablecain and Slutmachine) on NOX, a new Zhark sublabel.

www.zhark.org



Parasite
Distro

Parasite
Distro

Parasite

It's hard to believe that the royal ruckus known as Parasite is actually breakcore's hardest-working bloke. The affable bloodsucker (Armin Elsaesser to his mom) is best known for helming the consistently great Death\$ucker label, which boases the scene's best and most eclectic roster (with releases from Bong-Ra, knifehandchop, Monkey Steak, d'kat, and DJ Ripley). He's also the head honcho of DSWAT distro, one of the most active online mailorder stores, and a driving force behind the Toxic Dancehall parties in his hometown of Bristol, England. A testament to breakcore's increasing popularity, these raucous affairs grew from 30 people in the basement of an Indian restaurant to crowds over a thousand strong at the Black Swan in just three years.

Toxic Dancehall is now defunct, but Parasite and his partner Anakissed are starting a new party called The Goat Lab. "The name was directly inspired by the U.S. military's research into psychological warfare using de-bleated goats as a test bed," says Elsaesser, who, like many in the scene, has a strong political streak. "Breakcore, by its very nature, is political!" he says. "The very fact that the majority of breakcore tunes are a copyright infringement [case] waiting to happen is proof of this. Also, political opinions can be heard in a wealth of breakcore tunes today. Look at artists like Aaron Spectre, Noize Punishment, and The Bug, to name a few—all have a political message to convey. Certainly

in Bristol whenever an anti-Blair/Bush sample gets dropped, the reaction from the audience is generally positive, with shouts of acknowledgment. Personally, I try to remain active in a political sense in that I regularly play benefit gigs, support political causes, and attend political rallies, [and] I also sell political material [through DSWAT]."

www.dswat.net

Criterion and Doily

Since 1999, Criterion Thornton ("Eh, my parents were hippies") and Heather Leitner (Doily) have been turning out music from their home/studio under the JMZ subway line in Brooklyn, where the walls are covered with (mostly Xeroxed) flyers from the countless parties they've been involved with in the New York underground scene.

Not surprisingly, the duo has also collected numerous stories in the last seven years. One favorite, shared with every touring breakcore artist who invariably stops by their studio, concerns a bar show they were booked to play in Detroit. It turned into them DJing hip-hop for someone's cousin's birthday party before launching into their live act, only to have a bunch of wannabe MCs freestyle for the rest of the set. All the while, thousands of people were camped out outside the bar, waiting in line for the *American Idol* auditions the

next morning. "Ah, Detroit," sighs Doily.

It's not all war stories, though. Besides making music, DJing, and promoting club nights (often at NYC's Tonic), Criterion and Doily run Brooklyn Beats, which has released music from 1-Speed Bike (Aidan Girt of Godspeed You! Black Emperor), I-Sound, DJ /rupture, Troy Geary, and Jason Forrest (under his copyright-challenging Donna Summer moniker). They've recently launched the Redux 12's, re-releasing old tracks with new remixes, as well as the *Applecore* mix CD series. "[The term 'breakcore'] is a way to describe our noisy amalgamation of soundsystem culture and a punk rock mentality," says Crito. "Musically, Heather and I don't stick to the breakcore conventions but we're still attached to that community of producers, so I don't mind throwing the term around. At the end of the day, 'breakcore' has a better ring than 'experimental breaks.'"

The pair's commitment to the community has given rise to their small but active Brooklyn Beats distribution company (see sidebar) and they often express their strong views publicly. Doily, who is one of the few women making breakcore, has strong opinions on the role of female musicians in the scene: "No, [the scene] is not integrated between men and women. It seems quite ironic that women will dance their asses off to some thug telling us to back it up but not to something like breakcore, which is much more respectful of us and definitely booty-shaking music—200 booties per minute! I can count on one hand how many women I've played with on the tours I've

Noise Pushers

Where to get your breakcore fix.

Like the genre itself, breakcore distros are eclectic and idiosyncratic—reflecting wacked-out tastes and lively minds. In true DIY fashion, most of them are run by people producing and releasing their own music as well as that of their friends, and have become as much social as musical networks.

In the UK, Bristol's DSwat (www.dswat.net) provides audio clips and cover art for an extensive list of tunes. Across the Channel in Paris, Toolbox (www.toolboxrecords.com) does all that as well as offering noise, Algerian raï, bootlegs, and gems from all over. Ant-zen (www.ant-zen.com) and Ad Noiseam (www.adnoiseam.net) are two of many German offerings. Further afield, the minimal Electro-Violence site (www.electro-violence.com) covers Japan and serves as the base for Omeko Records. Down south, NoiseExchange (www.noisexchange.com) keeps Australia supplied with extreme sounds. In North America, relative newcomer Tikdistro (www.tikdistro.com) gives Canadian industrial and breakcore heads some options. East coasters are spoilt for choice: The small but perfectly formed Brooklyn Beats (www.brooklynbeats.nt/shop) provides terse but witty commentary on their selections, while the more sprawling Wrecked (www.rhinoplex.org/wrecked) includes plenty of grime and dubstep alongside free jazz. Breakcore's roots also reach the unlikely ground of Lowell, Massachusetts, where the venerable Rrrecords (www.rrrecords.com) has been spreading the extreme noise virus for 20 years. Its starkly presented online record list hearkens back to its hand-Xeroxed early days and is well worth a look. *Larisa Mann*



Original photo by Marco Miccrobì

been on and most of them weren't even producers. I think women are not expected to—or pushed to—play anything other than the instruments that have been deemed appropriate for them for centuries. Bring machines and computers into the equation and that's another story all together."

www.brooklynbeats.net

Aaron Spectre

Mild-mannered, bespectacled Aaron Spectre from Stow, Massachusetts has a youthful exuberance equaled in the scene only by Shitmat and the Wrong Records crew, which probably explains why he recently fled to wild Berlin. His recent singles for Death\$ucker, Japan's Electro-Violence, and Bong-Ra's Kriss label—some of the scene's most popular tracks in the last 18 months—only hint at the ferocious level of intensity in his live shows. A whirlwind of dreads, Spectre thrashes out blistering amens and distorted calls of "Bloodclaat" from his two Oxygen 8 keyboards and Ableton Live. For his new project, Drumcorps, whose first record is due out this fall on Jason Forrest's Cock Rock Disco label, he mashes a whole slew of metal tunes into the mix.

Spectre, who also has a dulcimer-playing downtempo side ("If I can make an album as good as Dead Can Dance's *Toward the Within*, I'll die happy," he says), is fiercely positive about the future of the sound. "The gear is cheap, the software is becoming more intuitive, and kids are coming up with the most mind-blowing music!" he enthuses. "To complain about a lack of innovation means you're just not listening in the right places. There's no shortage of creativity in sight." Spectre's music has taken him all over Europe and even to the Middle East, where he played at Beirut, Lebanon's first-ever free open-air party, No Borders. "It drew about 600 people, many of whom had never heard electronic music before, outside of house or the odd pop-techno track," says Aaron. "I played for almost four hours, starting with breaks at 125 bpm and ending with 250 bpm nosebleed breakcore, and they were dancing furiously all the way through! Imagine a huge crowd of people from every walk of life dressed to the nines, mashing it up to Venetian Snares under the full moon and the bombed-out buildings. It was a lovely, rare, *tabula rasa* moment."

www.aaronspectre.com

Rotator

You can't go very far in the breakcore scene without hearing someone refer to Rotator, the legendary Anti-Cartel parties he and his crew throw in Rennes, France, or his Peace Off label, which pushes the hardest sounds with a higher level of quality control than anyone else. Widerstand's Daniel Eiterherd describes Peace Off as "a professional team on such a high level." Ask Rotator (Frank Tavakoli), more a man of boundless action than words, for a comment and he replies (via a terse, manic email): "Come on, punxxx! Jump around! Hahaha!"

Peace Off and its numerous sub-labels—Damage, Mutant Sniper, and Bang A Rang (for warped dancehall)—have gotten the very best material out of Enduser, Venetian Snares, Doormouse, and Kid606, as well as French associates Krumble, Electric Kettle, and Electromeca. Rotator recently started another imprint, Ruff, to release grime-influenced material from Starkey, Mathhead, and his Black Ham alias.

Rotator may be a proper label head, but in person he's a mad-

man with a maniacal grin. He always performs in a crazy mask or balaclava and his music is so hard he often goes on at the end of the night, giving him ample time to get plastered, play for four hours instead of 40 minutes, and then wait at frequent tour-mate Drop the Lime, "Ohhh... I played too fucking long, didn't I?"

"You can find all you need inside," says Tavakoli when asked why he's so into the breakcore sound. "Ragga, mash-up, hardcore, melo, dark, electronica, glitch, metal... Diversity is the blood of this music and there's plenty of new producers, new styles, and new vibes." He's quick to shout out up-and-coming stars Cardopusher, Xian, and the unicorn-porn-obsessed Vytar but, like Faith Hill giving a Grammy speech, he's careful not to leave out the fans. "Every actor (artist, promoter, producer) is important in this scene, but without the crowd and the listener who's supporting it, there's nothing," he says. "Respect and thanks to all of them."

peaceoff.c8.com



Beautiful Noise

Asobi Seksu's dream-pop protégé Yuki Chikudate talks shop with Mojave 3 frontman Neil Halstead.

WORDS: KEN TAYLOR PHOTOS: DUSTIN ROSS (YUKI) AND DAVID BOWEN (NEIL)

Yuki Chikudate, frontwoman for New York atmospheric rock combo Asobi Seksu, was just a piano-playing teen in Southern California when British singer-guitarist Neil Halstead released his first record with shoegaze heroes Slowdive in 1991. But after a few extracurricular lessons in Sonic Youth and Stereolab, Chikudate traded in classical for a decidedly noisier approach to music. Halstead, now the frontman for country-tinged Mojave 3, has quieted down significantly. With Mojave 3's latest, *Puzzles Like You* (4AD), Halstead (along with Slowdive grads Rachel Goswell and Ian McCutcheon, as well as Alan Forrester and Simon Rowe), rediscovers '60s AM-radio gold. But despite the differences between *Puzzles Like You* and Asobi Seksu's *Citrus* (Friendly Fire), Chikudate and Halstead still share a love for subdued vocals and bright, screaming guitars. Here we tighten the gap between their respective homes in New York and Cornwall, England with a telephone chat about atmospheric, arguments, and unexpected studio guests.

Mojave 3's *Puzzles Like You* (4AD) and Asobi Seksu's *Citrus* (Friendly Fire) are both out now. www.4ad.com/mojave3, www.asobiseksu.com

Yuki Chikudate: I was reading Rachel's [Goswell, vocalist for Mojave 3 and formerly Slowdive] blog and how she's having health issues with her hearing. Were you guys ever concerned with hearing loss back then?

Neil Halstead: No, we never really thought about it at all, to be honest. And I'm not sure that the problem Rachel has is caused by that. But I know that Kevin Shields from My Bloody Valentine suffers from tinnitus and stuff, and I think that's probably related to the volume they played at.

Do you guys wear earplugs onstage?
No, no.

Really? [laughs] You have no problems hearing at this point in your life?

I don't think so. People have more problems hearing me because I talk very quietly... I suppose, sort of stupidly, we didn't really think about it, probably because volume was something that really was a part of the experience for us.



"Volume was something that really was a part of the experience for us."

- Neil Halstead



Yuki: I've always felt that what made [Slowdive's] sound interesting was the blurring of all the instruments and the ghost tones and reverb, and I've always been curious about how you were able to balance that live.

Neil: The sound sort of came together live, really, with Slowdive. I remember when Christian [Savill] first joined the band, he kind of changed things because he had this crazy guitar sound. And from the very first rehearsal, everything just kind of gelled... I don't know what effect he was using, but it just sounded crazy—and it worked with what we were doing.

Did you and Rachel have any problems hearing vocals onstage? Yeah, we always had problems like that. We just sort of lived with it, and I think that the reason the vocals are always so quiet on the records is because we were used to the way it would be onstage—you'd *never* really hear a lot of the vocals [laughs].

We have the same problem. People always complain and say 'We can't hear the vocals.' Did you hear that a lot [playing] live? Well, we definitely hid behind the guitars and stuff, vocals-wise... [But] it was more about the noise of the whole band, and the guitars were almost more important than what was happening lyrically.

I feel like we have to explain that to people, because they don't seem to understand that that's the point—not to hear every single note and word that I sing. Everyone's kind of trained to pick the vocals out, because that's how records sound, you know? In the '60s, it was always just the drums and the vocals that would be loud. That's the way people hear music.

Our guitarist read somewhere that you guys used solid-state amps. Was that to distinguish your sound from conventional rock guitar, and let the liquidy reverb become the focal point of the sound? I'm not really sure how that happened. When we got our first advance, we just went out and bought a whole bunch of stuff, but up to that point we just had these little amps that we just turned up as loud as we could. I think Christian used Marshalls and I use Rolands a lot of the time, just because they seem to be able to deal with all the frequencies a lot better than other amps. I've never been too techy about stuff like that. It's kind of like, what you do is always dictated by your limitations, you know?

Do you feel like there's a shoegaze revival with acts like Serena-Maneesh, M83, and Ulrich Schnauss? Do you know any of these bands? I'm not really aware of whether there is or isn't a shoegaze revival, but I've noticed that people want to talk about it more now... It's kind of interesting because there was this whole bunch of bands that were around even before us, like Spacemen 3 and Loop and Bark Psychosis. I used to love them, and it's kind of weird because it's almost like no one talks about them now. I hope that those records are sort of rediscovered and people see them the way I kind of see them, [as] records that are doing something different and interesting.

What morphed Slowdive into Mojave 3?

The last Slowdive record was very abstract; everything I'd been listening to was abstract, like Stockhausen and Neu! and all this weird kind of techno. [The record] wasn't very melodic; there wasn't any lyrical content to it. [Eventually we] just kind of OD'ed on that and rediscovered people like Leonard Cohen and Dylan and Hank Williams—just stuff that spoke to you really directly, music that had this kind of raw emotion. With Slowdive, we'd almost kind of reached a point where it was so abstract that it was hard to find emotion in it. So [Mojave 3 was a result of] just wanting to rediscover naivety in music.

You guys are all old friends in Mojave 3. It must be great to work with people who you have a deep personal relationship with. I've known Rachel since I was 12 years old or something. In fact, we used to go to the same primary school but I didn't know her until I was a bit older. It's kind of nice because we've all grown together, and I guess with Mojave we've been going for like 10 years now.

Do you guys ever argue? Yeah, obviously you do, but I think it's like anything—if you wanna get past it, you get past it, and if you don't, then you don't. But I think we've always kind of wanted to get past any arguments we've had. At one point, me and Rachel went out together. I think we were going out for two years, at the start of Slowdive, and that was really difficult when we split up. Actually, keeping the band together was really tough, but I guess you sort of figure [out], well, whether it's something you wanna do, whether it's important, you know?

I heard that you initially tried to record *Puzzles Like You* in your own studio but that you had a bit of a mouse problem or something [laughs]? We recorded the whole record in the studio, but there was a point where we were completely overrun with mice. It's in an old airfield and there's a lot of farm buildings there. We've always had a mouse problem but, for some reason, last summer it was just insane. There would literally be mice sitting on top of the speakers. The farmer was telling us we should poison them and we didn't really want to do that, so in the end we kind of got these humane trap things. They're probably infesting somewhere else now; we just released them down the road... On some of the really quiet vocal takes you could hear the mice squeaking in the background.

So, you guys and mice are on the album. That's pretty awesome. There's a dog on there as well. On one track, if you listen closely, you can hear barking.

The studio we recorded in had a not-so-cute problem. We had a bedbug outbreak in the building. The whole time we were just so panicked and freaked-out... Yeah, well, that's rock and roll.

"That's the point—not to hear every single note and word that I sing"

— Yuki Chikudate





Blood & Guts

Black Dice's new book, *Gore*, is music for the eye.

WORDS: ERIC SMILLIE

Can you see the music? From Bjorn Copeland's collage, drawings, and sculpture to Aaron Warren's video art, the members of Black Dice have always had their fingers in other media. Small surprise, then, that the group's latest release, *Gore* (Picturebox Inc.; softcover, \$29.95), comes in ink and paper. The book gathers nearly 130 pages of psychedelic collage spliced with the photographs of Jason Frank Rothenberg, a friend of Bjorn (and his bandmate and brother Eric Copeland) since their early teens. Like Black Dice's music, *Gore* mixes the ecstatic with the disturbing; its bright pages suggest the sublime aspects of the imagination and nature but return to material corruption via scrawls and jumbled images, empty candy wrappers, and unflattering snippets of body parts. Eric helped us connect the eye and the ear from the road on the band's European tour.

www.blackdice.net, www.pictureboxinc.com

How did the idea to make a book come about?

We had been thinking of doing a longer book for a long time; [San Diego hardcore label] Three One G put out a handmade short book [of ours] with a single a few years back. I guess we just wanted to work on something a little different, a bigger project of some sort, try something new. But Bjorn and Jason started to talk seriously about it between them and the whole thing sort of snowballed.

How did you go about making *Gore*?

Because we were collaborating with Jason, it took a long time to figure out how that relationship would work. In the end, we worked together physically on a lot of the

"Sometimes we do have to draw what a song will look like."

pages and often we worked separately with each other's work, and some of it is just singular work that fit with the project as a whole. A lot of the work is collage with straight photos as well, but, again, just figuring out how to work visually together seemed to [become the focus of] the project. It took almost a year for everything to be out of our hands.

How did the visual collaboration compare to the way you make music?

[We had] lots of similar ideas and methods of working, at least [around] the time of [2005's] *Broken Ear Record* (DFA/Astralwerks). We all felt comfortable enough and [that we had] a lot of support to try anything we wanted. [It was] like we had shed some role and could try a variety of new working methods and projects. Bjorn, Aaron, and I have a pretty long-standing working and musical relationship, but the whole process visually felt somewhat surprising at times, getting to see everyone shift their strengths to something wholly different.

Did you split up the work, with some of you doing collage and others doing digital stuff, or did you all have a hand in everything?

For the most part it was cut and paste. There was a lot of laying out on the computer and some work was digital only. It was pretty much however someone had to work, [depending on] location, money, time, skills. And for us, sometimes the strength in something is a direct result of how it was made—somewhat incorrectly or improperly at times.

How visual is your music-making process?

Sometimes the sounds find a visual language that is often playful and personal. Sometimes we do have to draw what a song will look like or find each other through visual rather than sound terminology. And I think that our ideas of songs are sometimes privately visual as well.

There are some notes in pencil and pen in the book. Is any of that material stuff you've used to compose music?

A lot of it is, one or two found things, some notes or working lists...

Have you considered other mediums? Video, for example?

We tried to include a flexi-disc as part of the book but couldn't find a manufacturer. I think we will definitely work in other mediums, and I know that video is one that we have talked about often, though maybe down the way a bit.

What would you say if someone decided to use a page of *Gore* as a musical score?

Do it.



Gore
Jason Frank Rothenberg.

Inside the making of the book with

Photographer Jason Frank Rothenberg has known Black Dice's Eric and Bjorn Copeland since high school, but that didn't prepare him for the surprises that ensued when they got to work on *Gore*. "Working together was a new kind of relationship," says Rothenberg. "[The band has] a really developed aesthetic, and they're uncompromising in their artistic practice. I'd been around it—taking photos while they made their last few records—but that's different than being *in* it. I didn't realize just how serious these guys are about their art, but it makes sense when you look at their body of work." Of course, the process wasn't all furrowed brows and glue-stained palms. "Those dudes are so funny, so it was a lot of fun," recalls Rothenberg. "And there were a lot of synchronous happenings, [such as] the way the photo on [page 69] works formally with the collage on 68. Also, the photo on pages 100-101 as well as page 78... They're sort of standard documentary images from our time together in Australia (when they were making *Broken Ear Record*), but they're so flat, they almost look collaged. On top of that, in a very literal way, both images represent collage (scissors, magazine), so it was nice to see the context give them new life." Rothenberg says the toughest part of *Gore* was juggling everyone's disparate schedules and locales, and paring the material down to the final 128 pages. "There were moments where our aesthetic sensibilities conflicted," he offers. "It could be hard to swallow editing things out, but in the end it made the book more interesting. In the end, it's kind of about where our aesthetics overlapped and even more so, [how] they evolved."

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The Finest Illusion

Beneath the lighthearted exterior of Matthew Herbert's new album lie some very sinister suggestions.
WORDS ROB GEARY ILLUSTRATION DAMON LOCKS

Matthew Herbert is no stranger to offbeat recording techniques. On records like 2001's *Bodily Functions* (!K7) and last year's *Plat du Jour* (Accidental), he sampled everything from heartbeats to crushed Starbucks cups and wove them into bumptious micro-house, languid electronic ballads, and melodic jazz. Herbert rarely tinkers with his sampler for the sake of generating weird noises—like his spiritual allies Matmos, he girds each record with theoretical underpinnings. But while *Plat du Jour*, by Herbert's own admission, sometimes became a bit too weighty in its exploration of the food chain, his new album, *Scale*, contains his sunniest and warmest tunes yet, despite having a meditation on life, death and distance encoded in its sampled DNA.

"I wanted to hold up a mirror to society," Herbert says of the record. "It can be charming and warm and generous and luxurious and [can] look like it's having fun but actually underneath it, there's a sinister tone. [*Scale* is] based on violence, whether it be historical violence—like the British empire, in our case, or slavery—or current violence like the war in Iraq. In a way that's part of the illusion of the record, the illusion of everything being okay."

The illusory charm and warmth Herbert speaks of comes through right away on songs like "Something Isn't Right," where Neil Thomas and Dani Siciliano trade vocals over chugging, string-drenched backdrops. But for all *Scale*'s glossy surfaces, there's always something gritty going on beneath—a framework constructed of countless found sounds and samples assembled by the genre's new master.

For instance, what is that jet noise puncturing "Moving Like a Train?" It's not an innocent passenger plane, but a British Tornado bomber (a tiny depiction of which appears, along with the over 700 other items Herbert sampled for the album, on the cover artwork). This mix of the mundane and the unusual, of pacifist and violent elements, is part of Herbert's point. "It's about this distance in our lives, between the things that we do—between our childhood and our death, for example," he offers. "We have constant ways of measuring our childhood—we have birthdays every year, for example—so we know how far we are from our childhood, but we never know how far we are from our death. We don't know if it's this afternoon or in 100 years' time. So really I'm looking for ways to express this dis-



"That's part of the illusion of the record, the illusion of everything being okay."

tance, whether metaphorically or literally, [through sampling]. The sound of a coffin is [something] you may never hear, but there are sounds [on the record] that you may hear every day, like the [crunching of] breakfast cereal."

Welcome to Matthew Herbert's micro-world, where even the seemingly innocent sound of breakfast cereal is laden with meaning. And don't even get him started on the cereal box—less a container than a vehicle for sinister cultural subtext. "I couldn't believe how disgraceful it was," he says of the cereal box he bought. "It was limited-edition Apple Jacks, and there's a photograph of it. It has blue carrot shapes in it, but it says on the packet, 'No apple taste! No carrot taste!' It's like it's a selling point that it doesn't taste of apples or carrots. It's really a lunatic position the world is coming to. Proper madness!"

To keep himself from engaging in the polemics that weighed down *Plat du Jour*, Herbert intended to try a different approach to sampling for *Scale*. "My plan was to make a record where I hadn't recorded any of the sounds or any of the musicians [myself]. In the end I did a bit of recording, so it didn't quite work out that way, but the idea that the recording process itself is part of the metaphor of the record appealed to me. So we recorded some of the drums at 100 mph with the drummer in the back of my little BMW that's 25 years old—so not [only were we] breaking the law, we could [have been] in personal danger. How does the drummer play if he thinks it's going to be the last thing he ever plays? If you think of [the process] like that, instead of a conceptual burden, it becomes fun. Basically, I wrote a big list of [all the samples] I wanted and asked my assistant Alexis to go off and record them. He traveled the country and he had to call a lot

of different people before they allowed me near a coffin. So if you look at the thanks on the album there's a lot of "No thanks" to people who said no!"

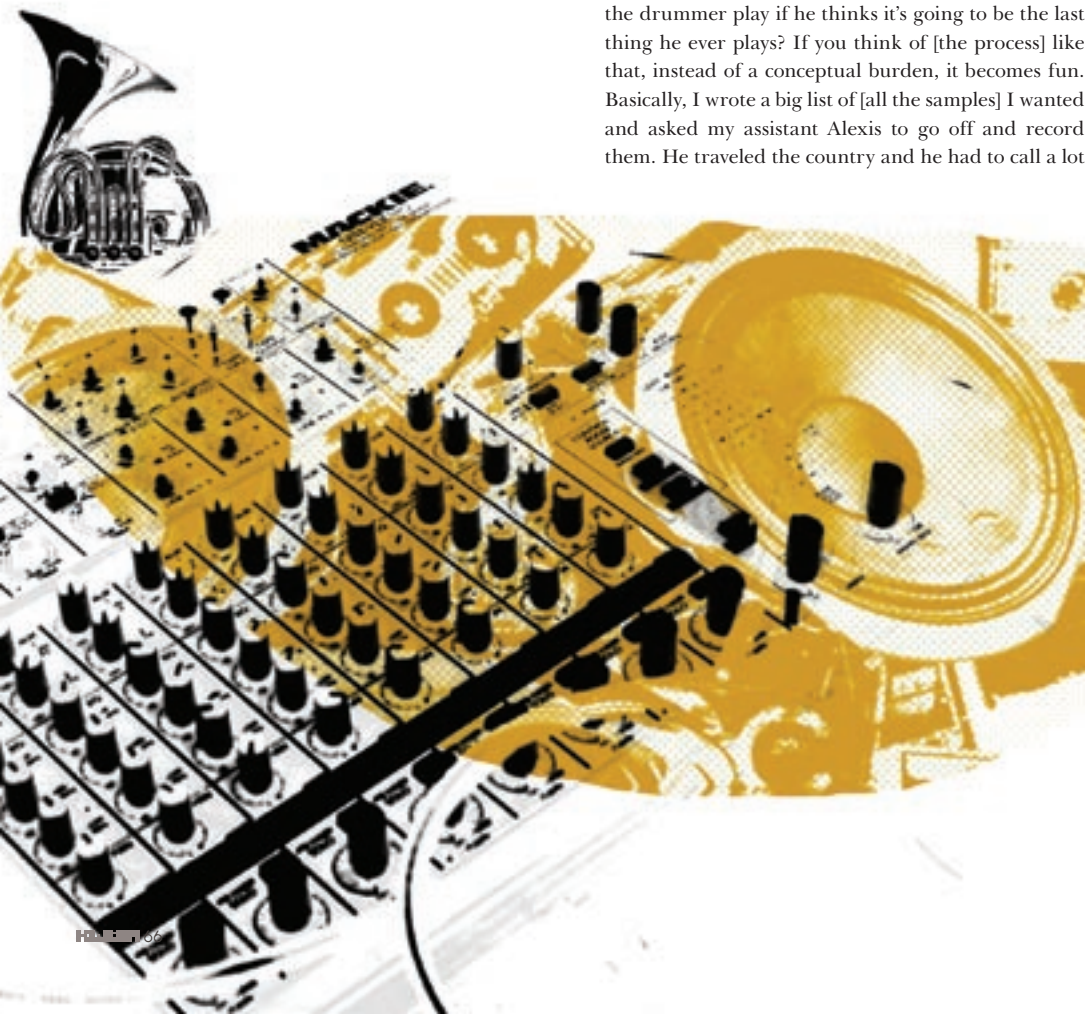
The coffin is perhaps the central sample *Scale*. Twelve of them appear in the artwork, another artifact of Herbert's twin desires for a theoretically stimulating process and an aesthetically pleasing result. "The coffins were recorded from the inside out—the microphone was inside the coffin—so unless you were buried alive, it's a sound you will never hear. It's the friction between the ordinary and the extraordinary that I was looking for. I recorded everything in groups of 12—that way I have the freedom to include one coffin per track, or put all 12 in one piece. I enjoyed the playfulness of having deliberate numbers of organizing things, to reinforce any ideas or motifs. It doesn't make the slightest difference really, the sound is the same, but I like the rigor of it, and also it makes me laugh! Can't underestimate that."

The darkest turn on the album is "Just Once," which is assembled from messages recorded on a special phone line. "I wanted to do a piece where I didn't know any of the noises. I wanted to know how that affected how I wrote it and how I used it. Would I be more respectful or more playful? So [I set up a] hotline [for people to leave noises on]. I asked people not to say what the noise was and not to say their name or anything, so it could be one person leaving 177 messages, it could be my parents, it could be the Russian mafia killing someone! But what I like is there are now 177 people with a completely different relationship to the music, embedding their stories within the music, and nobody knows [what the sounds are] apart from them. The track is kind of about death [and] suicide bombing, and when you know that, it suddenly becomes even more spooky. And on top of that it's coming down the telephone line, another expression of distance."

Once this track sweeps by, the album ends on a goofy note—Matthew Herbert singing "Wrong" over a lone piano. He's no Jamie Lidell, but the casual bar melody fits Herbert's newfound playfulness, a cheeky mood that also emerges in the presentation of the album, with a booklet depicting everything from plastic toys to computer cables and writing so tiny that you cannot study the liner notes and listen to the music at the same time.

"I like that the artwork makes no distinction between what made noises and what was used. We had to decide somewhere to stop, otherwise we'd have to [include] all the food that we ate and all that stuff. If you wanted to recreate the record, these are all the things you'd have to assemble together somehow and work it out. But I think you'd come up with something completely different!"

Herbert's *Scale* is out now on !K7.
www.magicandaccident.com, www.k7-de.com



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2. Numark X2 Hybrid Turntable : plays vinyl and cds, both with scratching capabilities.
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4. Pioneer CDJ100MK3 : the updated version of the most popular CD turntable, now with MP3 capabilities.
5. Korg padKontrol : Korg one-ups the drum pad controller with an additional X-Y pad for even more control.
6. Akai MPD16 : Akai's popular controller with MPC-style drums pads is now priced under \$100!
7. Spacetek Universal Stand : make your setup more efficient with the sturdy stand. spacetekusa.com
8. Inside Logic Pro DVD : a comprehensive instructional DVD for the beginner and advanced Logic user.
9. Lomo Frogeye Camera Colette Version : limited edition black colorway with an exclusive CD.
10. No Mas & 10 Deep Clothing : 2 of the hottest clothing brands around, the Lab carries a wide selection of clothing.
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*Break for
Love*

Pioneering the "drumfunk" sound, drum & bass producers
Seba and Paradox bring those breaks back.
WORDS: RYAN ROMANA PHOTOS: AMANDA LOPEZ

Drum & bass pioneers Sebastian Ahrenberg (Seba) and Dev Pandya (Paradox) have always followed their hearts, rather than fickle trends in the scene—conformity is not a word in their vocabulary.

British producer Paradox began carving his own niche in breakbeat as early as 1991, when he released his first track as Mixrace (with DJ Trax), the 180-bpm “Too Bad For Ya.” Never happy with the simple boom-clack boom-clack two-step beat that currently defines most drum & bass, he has since found thousands of ingenious ways to slice, dice, and reconstruct the funkier of breaks, hitting his stride in the mid-’90s with a slew of releases on the legendary Reinforced imprint. Pandya currently runs four of his own record labels (Outsider, Esoteric, Paradox Music, Arctic), championing a style of drum & bass he calls “drumfunk,” which is heavily influenced by ’70s funk breaks.

Stockholm, Sweden’s Seba has parallel interests, but a very different background. He made his name with a string of rich, soaring grooves for LTJ Bukem’s Good Looking Records in the late ’90s before founding his own imprint, Secret Operations, in 1999. After a string of house excursions under the alias Sunday Brunch, he resurrected the label with a series of smashing releases that can be heard on *Beats Me*, a mixed CD of his work with Paradox that was released in April. After a DJ gig in San Francisco, I sat down with these close friends and found out how they make it all happen.

Seba & Paradox’s *Beats Me* is out now on Paradox Music/Secret Operations.
www.paradoxmusic.com, www.secretoperations.com

How did you guys end up working together?

Seba: The first time we met was at Ministry of Sound [at the launch party for [LTJ] Bukem’s mixed CD] *Logical Progression*. We were just bigging up each other. It was funny because we knew that we were on the same tip when it came to music.

Paradox: We were reading interviews about each other in the press, so Seba could see what I like and I could see what Seba likes—we were basically into the same music.

Since you live in different countries, do you exchange tracks by mail or using AIM?

Seba: We don’t work over the Internet, since we believe it’s important to be present when changes are made. If you hear something new in a track, you might instantly get a new idea that you could work on. We fly over to each other’s studios; so far that’s involved about 10 flights. Since Dev is using OctaMED on a Commodore Amiga and I am using Cubase on PC, we decided to work on my set-up. I guess it’s easier to learn Cubase than it is to understand a tracker program. This means that I engineer the tracks, and we arrange [them] together. Dev usually carries samples with him and sometimes we import breaks that he previously programmed in his studio.

Many of your collaborations feature the soulful vocals of Robert Manos. Who is this mystery man?

Seba: Robert Manos is a guy who lives in New York. I know a house producer that used to live in New York named Alexi Delano. He calls up and says this guy Robert Manos is coming to Sweden because he has a son who lives there. At that



Paradox (left) and Seba in San Francisco

time I was working with Swedish house producer Jesper Dahlbäck making house music and some D&B. We took out a D&B track we were working on and said to Robert, ‘Would you be able to sing on this?’ He started to do this Studio One reggae thing. We said, ‘There’s not one element of reggae in this song,’ and Robert said, ‘Well I thought it was jungle.’ I said, ‘No you have to listen to this track.’ He asked ‘What do you want me to do?’ I said, ‘Think Marvin Gaye,’ and he just started singing and it took off from there.

There’s been an increase in popularity of the breakier style of D&B. Is this something you knew would happen and how do you feel about being at the forefront?

Paradox: Everything goes in cycles. In 2000, when there wasn’t much classic breakbeat D&B, it was a bit disheartening when the two-step copycats took over the scene.

Seba: That’s when I started making house music.

Paradox: Just before Seba and I started working together, I thought that things could change. Another reason why Seba and I got together is because I couldn’t fight the battle on my own. I’ve been doing it for so long. I needed someone who had their own identity just like me to help push forward. It’s mainly due to our profiles that we’ve pushed this breakbeat sound forward. It’s fair to say that we are the most well-known breakbeat producers on that side of the scene. We’ve got a responsibility.

What’s the idea behind your new *Beats Me* CD?

Seba: We decided to do a showcase CD of what our labels (Secret Operations and Paradox Music) are about. We’ve reached out to the vinyl buyers, but there are a lot of people that don’t buy vinyl and come to our show asking where they can buy this music. Plus, vinyl sales in general have been down.

But aren’t artists who make anthems still doing well off of vinyl sales?

Paradox: I know friends that are selling so many units and making a lot of money out of it, but the music is absolutely diabolical—just hardcore cheese—and we can’t make that. If we closed our eyes, we could do it in half an hour, but we have souls and I can’t bring myself down to that level and make crap music.

Seba: I don’t think we can make that music, though I know what you’re saying. I don’t think the people making that music think it’s good. It’s just another track to make 1,000 people jump up and down so they can get paid and buy new polished rims for their Beemer.

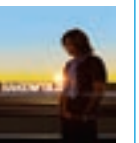


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Paul Oakenfold’s new album ‘A Lively Mind’ released June 6 ^ pauloakenfold.com ^ perfectorecords.com

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Testament

Thanks to dancehall stars like Sizzla, Capleton, and Turbulence, the awareness of a small Rastafarian sect known as Boboshanti has grown throughout the world. Sarah Bentley reports on the realities of life at the Bobo Hill enclave.

WORDS: SARAH BENTLEY PHOTOS: DEBBIE BRAGG



Outside the gates Bobo Hill



The camp is painted almost entirely in red, gold, and green, the colors of the Ethiopian flag.

After ascending a steep, rocky path in the blazing Jamaican sun, we reach the impressive entrance to Bobo Hill. A bamboo guardhouse manned by a Rasta in white military clothes is decorated with biblical quotes and has a plaque that reads "Ethiopian Congress." Fresh-faced children dash about an idyllic settlement of wooden huts dispersed across a hillside, the entire thing surrounded by a bamboo fence in fading shades of red, gold, and green, the colors of the Ethiopian flag adopted by Rastafarians to pay homage to former Ethiopian emperor Haile Selassie I, their spiritual leader.

Many would-be visitors fail to gain entrance to the camp. So, despite having a pre-arranged appointment, a camp priest's "empress" (partner) as a guide, and wearing modest attire (a long skirt, tunic, and headscarf), nerves about failing the righteous test render me unable to appreciate the serene vibes. A female camp elder wearing robes and a turban—worn differently than the men by way of a fall, a flowing section of fabric hanging down the back—greet us wielding a calendar.

"When did your menstrual cycle finish?" she asks.

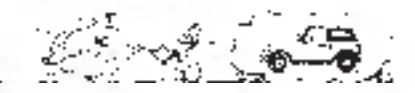
Women, both visitors and residents, are only allowed to roam around Bobo Hill 21 days after their menstrual cycle has finished, a time segment camp elders say allows for cleansing based on biblical teachings and the movement of the moon. For the average lady, this gives a window of opportunity for one week of freedom; she'll spend the rest of her days making handicrafts, praying, and reading alongside other ovulating ladies inside a designated women's hut (not a cage, as is rumored).

Fortunately, I'd been warned about this procedure and planned my visit accordingly.

"5th of February," I chant.

Slowly she checks off the 22 days in between the February 5th and February 27th, then eyes me suspiciously. "OK. You're free."

In 1972, after being moved nine times by the Jamaican authorities, Bobo Hill in Nine Miles, Bull Bay, Jamaica became the base of the Boboshanti, the house of Rastafari brought to public attention by dancehall artists Sizzla,



Boboshanti children roam freely around the camp. Girls are free until they reach puberty.



Priests and ministers in prayer robes gather to reason with visitors on the Order of Boboshanti and the rules of Bobo Hill.

Capleton, and Turbulence. Unlike most Rastafarians—who regard only Haile Selassie as their spiritual leader—Bobos praise three powers that they regard as the perfect Trinity of King, Priest, and Prophet: Haile Selassie as King; Prince Emmanuel, a Jamaican man who started the movement in 1958, as Priest; and Marcus Garvey, the black nationalist crusader and leader of the “Back To Africa” movement, as Prophet.

Life at Bobo Hill is dominated by prayer and work, its 100 or so residents undertaking both with varying degrees of discipline. Religious practices closely emulate those of Jewish Mosaic Law, which adheres closely to the Ten Commandments as laid down by Moses in the Old Testament. A drum signals the start of early morning, midday, and evening prayers; a handful of priests participate in these rituals in the tabernacle, the camp’s holy site, while the rest of the camp sporadically takes part. During our three-hour visit we pray, always facing east towards Ethiopia, four times—once on entrance, once before our interview with the priests, once after the interview with the priests, and once during the camp’s official evening prayers. During these pious moments, cell phone ringtones pierce the air—the most ironic being Michael Jackson’s “Thriller.”

To generate both personal and camp income, ladies crochet and sew



Empress Phillis, age 51, moved to Bobo Hill 13 years ago. She finds salvation in the camp environment but professes she could not have lived here as a young woman.

garments that the men sell outside the camp. Men make brooms—an item symbolic of the Bobos' belief in earning an income, cooking in a communal kitchen, and growing crops. Before Prince Emmanuel died in the early '80s (an event that surprised the community, who believed he was immortal and waited three days for him to rise before burying him) the camp had a self-sufficient system of food harvesting and wealth sharing. No official leader has been re-appointed, so the camp has become less organized and there is a clear lack of funds, made apparent by the incessant hawking of crafts throughout our time there.

Our guides are the friendly, humble, and relatively relaxed Priest Radcliffe and Priest Lloyd, members of the camp drumming group. Like the other 20-to-30-year-old drum group members, the humdrum nature of camp life clearly does not satisfy them despite their being entirely devoted to it. They are eager to tour the world and are in the process of setting up their own cultural record label. Many elder Bobos assert they want no association with the evils of reggae music (African drumming is fine), while the younger generation, including Priest Radcliffe, see it as “a way of bringing culture to the people in Babylon who need culture the most.”

The longer we stay at Bobo Hill, the more paradoxes emerge. The Boboshantis' inspiring mission to live outside the “system” is marred by its repression of women and bizarre denial of death, which means the ill are carried from the camp to die outside and their corpses ignored until an outside family member or undertaker deals with them.

An elderly Bobo woman, permanently free since menopause, summarizes my confused feelings. “The devil is everywhere and here is no different. As a young woman I could not live here but many take the subjugation gladly compared to the sin in the outside world. I don't live at Bobo Hill by listening to the rules. I live by listening to what's in my heart.”



From birth, Boboshanti children's hair is grown into dreadlocks and covered.



Priests chant psalms in Amharic and English three times a day on the site of the tabernacle, the camp's holy site. The tabernacle is currently being rebuilt after it was blown down by Hurricane Ivan in 2004.



Honorable Priest John, member of the drumming group, waits outside the guardhouse.



Inside the guardhouse, Priest Linton Forrester takes a register of all visitors to Bobo Hill and makes a note of all donations to the camp.



Minister of Culture, Honorable Priest Bobby schools visitors on camp rituals.



SEÑOR COCONUT
Yellow Fever! CD

This is the latest installment in the vaunted legacy of **Señor Coconut (Atom Heart, Uwe Schmidt)**, the world's only German/Chilean "electrolatino" interpreter of pop standards. Coconut (famous for his transcriptions of **Kraftwerk**) is back with a proper Latin big band, fronted by **Argenis Brito**, to pay homage to Kraftwerk's Eastern counterparts in the annals of techno-pop pioneers, **Yellow Magic Orchestra**. Extraordinary.



UNAI
A Love Moderne CD

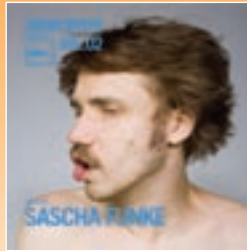
The mighty **Force Tracks** label returns with a smooth, Swedish, **electro-soul masterwork**. The second album from producer **Erik Möller (Naked Music, Raum, Sub Static, Punkt, etc.)**. A *Love Moderne* is quite different from the man we used to know. Like the unknown lovechild of **Pet Shop Boys** and **Basic Channel**. "Ghostly, sometimes eerie music... Pleasantly perverse."

— Kelefa Sanneh, **NY Times**



SCSi-9
The Line of Nine CD/2LP

Kompakt veterans **Anton Kubikov** and **Maxim Miluytenko** have traveled far since embarking as Moscow's most endearing minimal techno/house act **SCSi-9**. From **Salto** to **Force Tracks, Trapez** and beyond, these lads have captivated DJs and dance floors around the world with their remarkable ability to construct an **uplifting, emotive** mood fuelled by the pulse of the unprejudiced, techy beat.



SASCHA FUNKE
Boogy Bytes Vol. 02 CD

This is the second in BPitch's new resplendent mix series, this time from **Sascha Funke**. Funke has been around the block: staying at labels like **Kompakt, Capitol** and **Crosstown Rebels**. Vol. 02 includes **Sleeparchive, Derrick Carter, Trentemöller, DJ Koze, Ricardo Villalobos** remixed by **Isolée**, plus a **Phantom Ghost** cover of **Jackson Browne's "These Days"**. ... Bam.



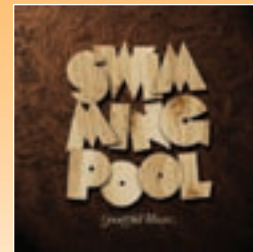
KAMMERFLIMMER KOLLEKTIEF
Remixed CD/2x12"

Various new electronic visionaries revisit **Absencen**, the All-Time Classic (**A.T.C.**) from the Kollektief ("Quite graceful in its contradictions." — **NY Times**). Tackling the loping jazz improv masterwork are cutting-edge artists like **Jan Jelinek, Lump200, Nöze** and 7 others. Includes two exclusive bonus mixes not on the wax from Häpna's **Hans Appelqvist** and **David Last**. A brilliantly executed project.



RICARDO VILLALOBOS
Salvador CD

A compilation of **Ricardo Villalobos'** long out of print early works, bookended by **two unreleased tracks** of pure greatness, **Salvador** doesn't just introduce you to the new **minimal** iconoclast, but inundates you. "Que Belle Epoque 2006" runs under 13 minutes of bliss, and the exclusive **Señor Coconut** mix is more of the same. "He's the first true genius 21st century techno has produced." — **Pitchfork Media**



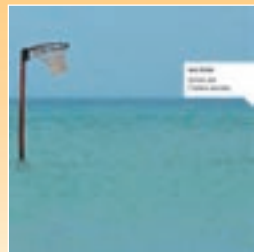
SWIMMINGPOOL
Good Old Music CD/2LP

The long-awaited second album from **Michael Scheibenreiter** and **Stefan Schwander** (aka **Antonelli electr.**). Their debut spawned club hits galore and invented, according to **Kompakt**-authority **Tobias Thomas**, "dub n' bass." An urban mixture of melodies, harmonies and atmospheres. Almost every track fits on the dancefloor.



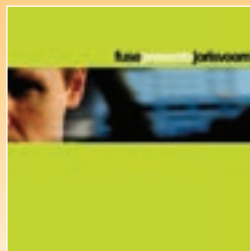
HELIOS
Eingya CD

This is US-based **Keith Kenniff's** second album of wordless songs. Eleven carefully measured movements, each holding inside it an entire movie's worth of emotion. An album which could as easily appeal to fans of **Nick Drake** as well as **Boards of Canada** or even early **Air**; this truly has something for everyone. To put it simply -- it's gorgeous. From the astonishingly consistent **Type** label.



MARC LECLAIR
Musique Pour 3 Femmes Enceintes CD

Finally available in the US! Marc Leclair (**Akufen**) has recorded for labels **Perlon, Trapez**, and **Force Inc.**, plus remixes for **Massive Attack, Cabaret Voltaire, Richie Hawtin**, etc. Leclair's most fascinating recording — a single composition broken down into nine tracks. A seamless evolution of soothing sound invention. A tour de force from one of electronic music's most illustrious members.



JORIS VOORN
Fuse Presents Joris Voorn CD/2LP

The new volume in the white-hot mix series (**Dave Clarke, DJ Hell**, etc.) comes from Rotterdam's ghost-like **bootybass king**, **Joris Voorn**. A violin virtuoso, Voorn now turns subwoofers into dust via **Abelton Live**. Old classics and future hits blend into a beat-scaffold whirlwind. **Carl Craig, Alex Under, Basic Channel, Matthew Dear, Steve Bug** etc., etc. The dang thing has **40 tracks**.



TBA EMPTY
Stupid Rotation CD

TBA Empty is **Natalie Beridze**, and this is her fourth full-length release on **Thomas Brinkmann's Max Ernst** label. "Music that sounds like the **Cocteau Twins, Radiohead, Shostakovich** and **Aphex Twin** all wrapped up in cotton wool soaked in Soviet sadness and a lot of hope." — **Vice Magazine**



UUSITALO
Tulenkantaja CD/12"

Vladislav Delay (aka **Luomo**) releases a second album as **Uusitalo**. A true rhythm fanatic, Delay plays around with time signatures so subtly you wouldn't notice if it wasn't 4-to-the floor but maybe 5 or 6 or 9-and-a-half. He synthesizes the synthesizer, says goodbye to the drum machine and plays the loop himself. This time techno has a story to tell. "Unlike anything he's done in the past. -- 4 1/2 stars." — **Allmusic.com**



Photo by Alexander Wumox

ALBUM REVIEWS
6.06

TURBULENCE
NOTORIOUS—THE ALBUM
VP/US/CD

TURBULENCE
NAH SELL OUT
Jet Star/UK/CD



A ROOTS MASTER PROVES HIMSELF WITH A PAIR OF RELEASES

More so than any other genre these days, dancehall is driven by singles. Artists live and die by the 45 and more often than not, albums are merely a cobbled-together collection of an artist's singles over the past one or two years. Odd, then, that **Turbulence** has not one but two new full-lengths on the shelves right now, and it's stranger still that neither relies heavily on recent singles. Still, fans of his focused, conscious lyrics and trademark "bluh-BLOW!" won't be disappointed. Though he was written off early in his career as yet another **Sizzla** clone, **Turbulence** has emerged as an artist with his own voice and style, which these two albums give him ample room to showcase.

Notorious—The Album is an obvious attempt to capitalize on the popularity of last year's unstoppable "Notorious" single on the **Scallawah** riddim. Unfortunately (and somewhat inexplicably), the album only features an "alternate mix" of the track, which retains the original's driving bassline but ultimately is overproduced. The album (with production from **Dan "Piloni" Kark** and **Kirk Hedge**) kicks off with "Fire Pon Dem," which touches on steadfast righteousness (a theme the singer revisits early and often). The track, along with several others, features a live band—a refreshing departure from the digital-roots sound that permeates the genre. One of *Notorious'* finest moments is the Jamaican #1 hit single "Front Line (Want a Natty)." Over a wicked one-drop backbeat, the pair delivers a rousing pro-Rasta love song. The album closes with "Bongo Congo," an aptly titled tune over

niyabingi drumming that finds **Turbulence** doing what he does best: hailing up righteousness.

While *Notorious* features only a handful of bashment tracks, preferring to focus on one-drop and roots riddims, *Nah Sell Out* finds **Turbulence** experimenting with a variety of styles (courtesy of producers **Richie B** and **Syl Gordon**) with varying degrees of success. The title track incorporates hip-hop elements and finds him bigging up spiritual wealth over materialism, while the scathingly unapologetic "Child of Melchizedek" (in which he rails against false Rastas who "push paper in dem turban") feels as though it could kick into a full-on jungle track at any moment. The album's one misstep is the gimmicky and forced "Feeling Da Vibe," his interpretation of **Mary J. Blige's** "No More Drama." Alternately, on "Brighter Day," he takes what is ostensibly a rock track and transforms it with some of his finest harmonizing. The album's most solid tracks—and the moments in which **Turbulence** truly hits his stride—are its roots and culture offerings; he excels on uplifting and beautiful tracks like "We Shall Never Fail," "In Your Arms," "Sweet Praises," and the sublime "Come On," which finds the sing-jay at his melodic best. *Ross Hogg*



**ANGIE REED
XYZ FREQUENCY**

Chicks on Speed/GER/CD
Angie Reed has shed the nylons and pencil skirts of her debut album's tour, "The Best of Barbara Brockhaus Live Secretary Show," but three years later, she still wears the attitude. There's something risqué yet lovable about an innocent voice purring out lyrics like a sassy sex worker; in "Hustle a Hustler," Reed croons assuredly, "Ain't nothing wrong with your ding dong" and in "Dancing Tarantella to a Machine Gun," she scolds the boys for messing with the wrong gal. Reed's use of texture gives the songs a unique sensuality, with backbeats rubbing against bells and whistles and beatboxing, and her softly ironic coo throttling its subject matter. Each spin of *XYZ Frequency* feels like being touched for the very first time: You never know quite what to expect. *Megan Martin*



**AFX
CHOSEN LORDS**
Rephlex/UK/CD
It was around Vol. 4 when I stopped paying attention to Richard D. James' *Analord 12"* series. The music wasn't bad; it just felt that something was missing. James indulged his roots in acid techno and '80s electro with 11 volumes of singles, but the results often sounded more like a sales shark showing off vintage analog gear in a music shop. *Chosen Lords*, at least, collects the best of those cuts, proving that James didn't waste all of his time with the new guise. "Cilonen" is a fine dystopian funk track that recalls the stiffness of so many UK sci-fi flicks, while "Boxing Day" and "Klopjob" prove that the Roland TB-303 can still shed a good tear (or at least produce a good weeping sound). *Cameron Macdonald*

**ANVIL
NEW MUSIC FOR VIRTUOSOS**
Fingerprint/US/CD
Call it "yacht-hop," or "grooves to enjoy while staring at the Patrick Nagel lady paintings on your bedroom ceiling." Whatever it is, Andrew Cohn playfully makes indie-hop fodder with the schmaltz of Reagan-era soft rock and Playboy Channel jazz. Cheap thrills abound here: Tracks like "Blood

Red Sea" resemble Michael McDonald gone Anticon while "Bun and Run" and "Third Coast Boogie" are fine *Scarface*-informed takes on disco. There's even a bit of leftfield abstraction on "Outside the Box." *New Music* is kitsch that is so unfashionable, it's bound to unleash a virus upon retrophiles of all sorts. *Cameron Macdonald*

**BAUCHKLANG
MANY PEOPLE**
Klein/AUS/CD
Broken beat, drum & bass, nu-jazz, and no instruments—what? Bauchklang, a six-member Austrian acappella ensemble, has turned heads and freaked minds throughout Europe with its gifted display of vocal acrobatics. *Many People* finds the group continuing to meticulously build on the complexity of its well-received debut. *Many People* could have easily fallen into the novelty section, but Bauchklang commands attention; "Good You Do" is a catchy head-nodder with bassline, beats, melodies, and chorus, but nary an instrument in earshot. For a truly wicked vocal workout, the drum-and-bass fervor of "Navigator" must be heard to be believed. Eat your heart out, Bobby McFerrin. *Velanche*

**BEANS
ONLY**
Thirsty Ear/US/CD
On his solo albums for Warp, former Anti-Pop Consortium member Beans has had dubious success, his IDM-driven production often more interesting than his intermittent rhyme blasts. *Only*, a concept collabo with bassist William Parker and percussionist Hamid Drake, takes experimentation into the stratosphere. Filtering Beans' original ideas through their free-jazz and improv artistry, Parker and Drake produce spare, thoughtful works, but when they're clumsily processed by Beans, they go astray. Violin scrapes, skittering rim shots, and synth warbles are punctuated by lines like "I'm diarrhea of the mouth." True beatniks would approve, but will they bother to listen? *Rachel Shimp*

**BITMAN & ROBAN
MUSICA PARA DESPUES DE ALMUERZO**
Nacional/US/CD
On their Stateside debut, Chilean quartet Bitman & Roban draws heavily from American-born forms of party music (funk, electro, hip-hop, etc.) for inspiration, yet their fundamental sound is a uniquely Latin concoction of playful grooves and bilingual vocals. The lead single "Tatita" is probably the best example of their inviting funk, which superbly combines lush keys, thick basslines, Latin percussion, and classic hip-hop vocal snippets for an undeniably good time. With the exception of the rugged and out-of-place hip-hop cut "El Hechizo" (featuring MC Tea Time), DJ Bitman and company provide the ideal soundtrack for a night of letting loose. *Max Herman*

**CANCER RISING
SEARCH FOR THE CURE**
Mad Passion/US/CD
West Coast hip-hop strikes back! Well, upper-upper West Coast, that is. Straight-outta-Seattle heavy spitters Gatsby (son of legendary producer Larry Mizell) and Judas, together with DJ TilesOne, form the Voltron robot of Cancer Rising. Ripping through 13 cuts of caustic MPC-meets-live-instrumentation hip-hop, the trio brings the brouhaha with a searing amalgam that conjures vibes of Jurassic 5, Dujeous, Blackalicious, and Eminem. Note to all the non-believers: Check the ruff 'n' rugged tag-team jawn "Pocket Check." Seattle is on the come up, fa' sho! *Rico "Superbizzee" Washington*

**CIBELLE
THE SHINE OF DRIED ELECTRIC LEAVES**
Six Degrees-Crammed Discs/US/CD
São Paulo singer Cibelle (pronounced "see-BELL-ee") Cavalli's whimsical second recording puts her alongside Tunng's Mike Lindsay, Brazilian psych-folk/alt-popster Apollo Nove (her debut album's producer), and former Air engineer Yann Arnaud. Flute, cello, samba drumming, music box tinklings, and plinks and clinks of coffee rituals provide dreamy results. Cibelle croons with French MC/beatboxer/Coco Rosie collaborator Spleen on "Mad Man Song" and adroitly covers Tom Waits' tearjerker "Green Grass." She honors her current home with Devendra Banhart on a cover of exile-era Caetano Veloso's "London London" and Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Por Toda a Minha Vida" also gets the Cibelle touch. Sublime! *Stacy Meyn*

**COLLECTIVE EFFORTS
MEDICINE**
ATF/US/CD
Atlanta hip-hop has never been short on variety, and its latest offspring, Collective Efforts, only adds another shade to the city's expansive palette of sounds. With their R&B-styled hooks, harmonious flows, and smooth beats, these MCs could easily pass for crooners. But it's not love ballads that they're laying down; with their "medicinal" music, they're out to heal the souls of listeners living in troubled times. The CE crew isn't likely to appeal to every hip-hop head, but their soothing new album further proves that you never quite know what will come out of ATL next. *Max Herman*

**CX KIDTRONIK
KRAK ATTACK**
Sound-Ink/US/CD
This is CX. He's a maniac, delivering 32 tracks of ass worship so freakin' nuts that it's pointless to compare it to almost anything. Make a list of the weirdest people in hip-hop, punk, and electronic music, put them in a blender, take those bloody body parts and sew 'em back together Frankenstein-style, add skits, 303s, High Priest and the high priest of weird Rammellzee, and Howard Dean, and you'll get *Krak Attack*-ed by the man who claimed he got his biggest reaction at a show by playing *The Price is Right* theme song. Like hip-hop? Buy this album. No questions. *Matt Earp*

**DJ KIVA FEATURING ANTHONY MILLS
INTERBORO TECTONICS**
Adios Babylon/US/CD
In dedication to the Brooklyn streets he canvasses daily, Kiva dubbed his sound StuttaStep to showcase the many global influences in this here Babylon (even his studio name, Adios Babylon, pays respect). Heavily focused on broken beat and D&B, with flavorful bass and head nods to reggae and Afro-Cuban rhythms, *Interboro Tectonics* plays more like a compilation of several artists merging and building a warehouse of sound. Vocalist Anthony Mills, still rolling from his gorgeous *Ghettotrance* release, gives this industrious exploration a welcome touch of soul. Just as his hometown streets are boundless, Kiva is equally limitless in his futuristic laboratory experiments. *Derek Beres*

**DICTAPHONE
VERTIGO II**
City Centre Offices/GER/CD
It's true that moody, minimal soundscapes aren't everybody's thang, but Berlin's Oliver Doerell and Roger Doering demonstrate why listening to bleeps and bird chirps isn't just for sound-art installations. With day jobs in film- and theater scoring, the duo's aesthetic is clearly cinematic: *Vertigo II* has a sweeping feel, like the perfect soundtrack for suddenly getting beamed onto a deserted fjord in Iceland. Deconstructed jazz elements flutter into these compositions like friendly specters; warm, fleshy sax notes get juxtaposed against steely, glitchy clicks for a 3-D textured feel. Check "Bruxelles," where a single thrumming tone lays the foundation for a mood exercise in loneliness. *Janet Tzou*

**EKKEHARD EHLERS
A LIFE WITHOUT FEAR**
Staubgold/GER/CD
Can a German white man in the mid-'00s justifiably play the blues? He can if he's Ekkehard Ehlers (see his successful 2002 nod to Robert Johnson). Actually, the minimalist producer doesn't so much *play* the blues (he has a skillful band to do that, including guitarist/balafonist Joseph Suchy) as mutate them through processors and amps. Ehlers obviously reveres the blues' ability to convey powerful feelings through the barest means. *A Life Without Fear* is his and Suchy's tribute to the genre, 10 tracks that capture its consoling lugubriousness and stark spirituality while subtly tinkering with its sonic DNA. Even blues purists may be moved to tears. *Dave Segal*

**FILASTINE
BURN IT**
Soot/SPA/CD
DJ /rupture's Soot label is batting a thousand for releasing records that call on Middle Eastern music, fuse the style with breakcore, hip-hop, and general beat trickery, and don't come out drenched in schmaltz. World citizen Filastine has produced the imprint's broadest release yet, filled with both with jagged edges and moments of sad sweetness. The music bespeaks a unique individual, one who's visited each and every place as an active political and musical participant with a mic in his hand. *Burn It* is sure to win fans across multiple scenes, with bonus points awarded for Swoon's beautiful cover art. *Matt Earp*

**NICK FORTE
YOUNG MAN'S DISEASE**
Sublight/CAN/CD
When the man behind hardcore legends Rorschach, post-punk predators Computer Cougar, and no-wave icons Beautiful Skin comes at you with his own full-length, you can only expect some weird shit. Not only is *Young Man's Disease* weird, it's agonizingly engaging. From start to finish, this long-player emanates textures of sweltering fuzz, distorted drum-and-piano glitches, and an array of piercing squeals—all awkwardly exemplary of a young man's anxiety. Like a guitar mastermind who solos sparingly, Forte crafts his melodies with a minimalist sensibility, keeping listeners enrapt and begging for more. *Fred Miketa*

**GERD
PERSPECTIVES**
4Lux/NETH/CD
As sonically rich as Gert Jan-Bijl and Paulo Delgado's lounge productions are on *Perspectives*, it's the numerous silky-voiced guest vocalists that provide much of the soul. The melancholy downtempo melodies on "Imaginary Friend," for example, are perfectly complimented by the sorrowful yet strong resonance of Dee Ferguson. And on the broken beat-ish "What Is It?," Portuguese-born Londoner Guida de Palma's bilingual vocals simply float atop the jumpy rhythm. More than just instrumentalists, the masterminds behind Gerd have an ear for complete compositions, regardless of the style at hand. *Max Herman*



**BABY DAYLINER
CRITICS PASS AWAY**

Brassland/US/CD
In a just world, Baby Dayliner would be an icon in the new wave of crooner-inspired pop acts, proudly adorning shiny shirts and dreaming of headlining Radio City. As that's clearly not going to happen soon, we'll have to be content with *Critics Pass Away*, his near-perfect second album. Equal parts Morrissey, Gainsbourg, Adam Ant, and Manilow—for real—BD (a.k.a. Ethan Marunas) invites you to his electro-pop lounge act where piano-tickling and jazz standards are flung out the window, and samplers and drum machines prevail. Upbeat tracks like the opener "At Least" delightfully romp on the border of Vegas-style cheese without ever sounding trite or contrived. Baby Dayliner is the white, bequipped, male vocalist brilliantly repackaged for the iTunes generation, and even when the LP loses a little steam (near the mid-album "Breezy") you'll be so busy bopping that you'll hardly notice. *Cameron Cook*



garlands of sparkly and vaporous tones, *Lovely Society* proves that Guentner can service DJs as deftly as he does over-stressed listeners. *Dave Segal*

**HOT CHIP
THE WARNING**

DFA-Astralwerks/US/CD
Hot Chip possesses the power to make shy people scream, “Fuck the world!” while jiggling their asses in the most liberated fashion. *The Warning* finds this libidinous British quintet infecting listeners with witty, bassy, and poppy layers of captivatingly sardonic soul. Aside from the swaggering bounce of the single “Over and Over,” rhythmic ballads like “Look After Me” and “The Warning” could bring Isaac Hayes to tears. Hot Chip comes out swinging with a thoroughly dynamic mesh of Italo-infused basslines, thumping drums, and effortless vocals that culminate in heavenly, rhythmic bliss. *Fred Miketa*

**I’M NOT A GUN
WE THINK AS INSTRUMENTS**

City Centre Offices/GER/CD
Aqueous electro-coustic composition is more often than not relegated to the “chill out” bin. To place I’m Not a Gun in that category would be shortsighted, however. Sure, initially there is plumed poise, but this project of John Tejada and Takeshi Nishimoto has a rustling undercurrent that may be crisp but never chills. Much the way a spider’s fragile filaments com-

pound into a deceptively deadly snare, there is a crepuscular wooziness to the svelte programming and spacious seven-string pluck that finally tightens into something almost predatory by album’s end. *Tony Ware*

**KAITO
HUNDRED MILLION LIGHT YEARS**

Kompakt/GER/CD
Japanese artists Tomita and Yellow Magic Orchestra established a futurist Eastern tradition of electronic dream music in the late ’70s and early ’80s. Tokyo-based Hiroshi Watanabe (a.k.a. Kaito) updates his countrymen’s blueprint and further explores gorgeous ambient techno that evokes early European trance pioneers Sven Väth or Jam & Spoon. This album, Watanabe’s third, sparkles like a still pond at dawn with gentle aquamarine synth ripples and slow-mo string plucking providing an airy glow. But this isn’t merely yoga-mat techno. Watanabe’s intelligent compositions make his music more listenable than either typical trance or tedious new age. *Tomas Palermo*

**KUSH AURORA
BHANG RAGGA**

Kush Aurora/US/CD
Oakland, CA-raised Kush Aurora embraces his New Delhi heritage without denying his high school music obsession: death metal. Like Kid 606 or The Bug, Aurora—also an avowed digital-dub and industrial music fan—doesn’t limit his production to a polite Desi dance sound. Instead, he links up with Jamaican emcees N4SA and Mr. Frank, and percussionists Jagtar Singh and Sukhadia, and adds his own barrage of war zone beats. “Cold World” blends Crip-walking tablas with moody synths, while “Sad Corruption” (with Amit Kumar Das on *santoor*) is potent South Asian dubstep. With an aural anarchist behind the mixing board, *Bhang Ragga* does for Punjabi beats what Adrian Sherwood did for dub. *Tomas Palermo*

**LOKA
FIRE SHEPHERDS**

Ninja Tune/UK/CD
Unfurling from a core of rhythms that range from hypnotic to crippling, *Fire Shepherds*, the first from this team-up between Mark Kyriacou and Karl Webb—of the stunning Super Numeri, an equally puzzling powerhouse of sound—is a serious dazzler. Whether it’s the Hitchcockian grind of “Safe Self Tester,” the prog-dance freakout of “Meet Dad,” or the sprawling two-parter “Tabernacle,” the cinematic *Fire Shepherds* is an edge-of-the-seat hell ride through the sonic spectrum. Have fun. I envy you already. *Scott Thill*

**LOSCIL
PLUME**

Kranky/US/CD
Somewhere between the fluttering echoes of sustained notes (on the vibraphone and ebow guitar), one can actually hear Scott Morgan’s improvised vision grow into its own little somatic monster—complete with disorienting panning and pounding heartbeats. On Loscil’s fourth album, Morgan transcends the archetypal Kranky sound as each track morphs into a grandiose sonic sphere, tranquil and cathartic without relying on a deep kick or synth riff. Composed with perfect amounts of subtle delay, layer upon layer of blissful chimes, and plenty of space, *Plume* makes for a quintessential escape from life’s daily rushes. *Fred Miketa*

**LOUIS LOGIC AND J.J. BROWN
MISERY LOVES COMEDY**

Fat Beats/US/CD
On *Misery Loves Comedy*, MC Louis Logic connects with his longtime producer-pal J.J. Brown to “Put the mom-and-pop-shop kids in smiles/With our infantile humor and our vintage style.” Over J.J.’s unflashy mid-tempo beats, Louis does maintain a sense of humor, but he also astutely speaks on subjects that most MCs don’t ever delve into: “All Girls Cheat” convincingly pins down infidelity and the battle of the sexes in one fell swoop. By not worrying about being politically correct or following lyrical trends, Louis Logic remains one of the more intriguing voices in hip-hop. *Max Herman*

**MASH UP SOUNDSYSTEM
A GREAT ESCAPE FROM LUNACY**

Hive Records/US/CD
Mash Up Soundsystem mashes it up in the old-school, soundsystem-on-overdrive-with-messed-up-beats way, and not in the pop-radio-friendly mash-up way. Problem is, what makes for a good live show can quickly become uninteresting on record. You can hand it to them for eclectic beats and tempos as well as funny

samples, but at 23 tracks, the album feels incoherent and drenched in distortion simply for its own sake. Something for folks already into the scene but not likely to make any converts. *Matt Earp*

**MATMOS
THE ROSE HAS TEETH IN THE MOUTH OF A BEAST**

Matador/US/CD
What do Valerie Solanas (the feminist writer who shot Andy Warhol), Darby Crash (The Germs’ lead singer who needled himself to an early grave), and William S. Burroughs (the pesticide fanatic who penned *Naked Lunch*) have in common? Why not ask Matmos, who drum up some scary aural homages to these figures and other debauched savants on their fifth studio album, *The Rose Has Teeth in the Mouth of a Beast*. Decidedly eerie in its exploration of the tortured soul, the record is a gritty, alien detour from the warmth of *The Civil War*, and maybe a bit too conceptual for its own good. *Robbie Mackey*

**MC RAI
RAIVOLUTION**

Embarka/US/CD
Where Algerian street music meets hip-hop, *rai* emerges. As likely to be heard in Algiers as in urban Paris, the style—and its young practitioners like Faudel and Sawtel Atlas—borrows rap’s rhythmic beat structure in a contemporary headnod to the work of singers Khaled and Rachid Taha. What MC Rai holds over all of them is the focus on seriously skilled production and driving low-end. *Raivolution* is an intense homage to Arabic folk with shards of dancehall, hip-hop, and occasional flourishes of rock. The merging of string sections and *darbuka* in such loaded beats—capped off by Rai’s supremely intense vocals—points toward new musical directions in North Africa. *Derek Beres*

**MR. NOGATCO (A.K.A. KOOL KEITH)
NOGATCO RD.**

Insomniac Music/US/CD
**PROJECT POLAROID (A.K.A. KOOL KEITH AND TOMC3)
PROJECT POLAROID**
Threshold/US/CD
The ’50s sci-fi film about sizzurp that accompanies *Nogatco Rd.* doesn’t have much of a plot but it tells you what you need to know about this collaboration between Kool Keith and producer Iz-Real. Though generally lost in his usual spacey zone of futuristic mumbo jumbo and random pop-culture references, Keith manages to squeeze in an excellent autobiographical jam entitled “Alpha Omega.” *Project Polaroid*, however, leaves behind the eerie digital soundscapes of *Nogatco Rd.* in lieu of dusty MPC loops from Bay Area producer TomC3. It’s a slightly less focused duo doing their thing, without the benefit of a short film to tie it all together. Both records are passable, but we’d all rather hear a Keith reunion with Dan the Automator or the Ultramags. *Jesse Serwer*

**ROOTS MANUVA
EXTRA DEEP**

Big Dada/UK/CD
As he did following his 2001 masterpiece *Run Come Save Me*, Roots Manuva returns with a full-length companion piece to his latest LP, *Awfully Deep*, one that rivals the “big release” in ambition and quality. Where 2002’s *Dub Come Save Me* consisted primarily of remixes and versions of *Run* LP tracks, *Extra Deep* is comprised primarily of songs recorded during the *Awfully Deep* sessions; while they didn’t make the original cut, they’re just as high quality. Lyrically, Roots follows on the ruminative vibe of his last outing, sounding slightly more upbeat and optimistic on tracks like “No Love” and “Pep My Game.” But, as has often been the case with Manuva, his vocals are frequently overshadowed by his excellent, diverse beats. *Jesse Serwer*

**RÖYKSOPP
RÖYKSOPP’S NIGHT OUT**

Astralwerks/US/CD
Röyksopp wants you to join them for a *Night Out*. Don’t worry, it won’t be a late one—a mere 40 minutes—but it’ll be filled with the kind of joyous, epic disco bounce they’re known for. This time they bring some surprises, like a gorgeously full live sound complete with tremendous bass and spine-tingling builds. Add to that swinging guest vocals from Cheloniis R. Jones, a vocal-less/synthesizer-twinkled version of “Poor Leno,” and a strangely fitting Queens of the Stone Age cover, and you’ve got a fantastic live album that promises to have you home by midnight. *Rob Geary*

**ROYCE
TUFF LOVE**

Galapagos4/US/CD
Chicago-based foursome Royce’s unorthodox blend of hip-hop, synths, and emo is so hard to classify that the group’s DJ resorted to dubbing it “gangster pop.” The description fits: The group layers deep bass and focused beats with floating melodies and vocals (sung and rapped), the whole thing infused with a driving earnestness and sense of place (“South Side will always be home,” they note on “Milwaukee”). The album’s biggest drawback, though, is the sense that the quartet has something more in them; that they could just let it rip if they wanted to. *Luciana Lopez*

**SIZZLA
AIN’T GONNA SEE US FALL**

VP/US/CD
The title track of this album should cause a lot of lighters to be hoisted in the air—not in the Jamaican soundsystem tradition that mimics gunfire but in the end-of-concert tearjerker fashion of a U2 show. “Ain’t...” juxtaposes a schmaltzy, pop-ballad arrangement with heartfelt verses dedicated to Sizzla’s fans. Instead of a disaster, the half-regular voice/half-falsetto number is instantly catchy; same goes for rootsy tracks like the Digital B-built “Knowing Each Other.” But Sizzla slips when riding emphatic, fast ragga beats (“Kill Yuh,” “Run Out Pon Dem”) where any message is lost amid his shouted lyrics and violent cursing. *Tomas Palermo*

**SMALL SINS
SMALL SINS**

Astralwerks/US/CD
It’s difficult to overstate the mousey Postal Service vibe—intentional or not—that runs through the debut album from Canadian singer/producer Thomas D’Arcy (a.k.a. Small Sins). Earnest, romantic lyrics that sound test-marketed for the indie demographic paired with shimmering electronic beats beg to be measured against the famous Death Cab-associated electronic tag-team. But *Small Sins* isn’t just a straight reproduction of Jimmy Tamborello’s glitch-ridden soundscapes. Instead, D’Arcy weaves the occasional acoustic guitar line into a series of bubbling beats and his own cooing, occasionally pained, vocals, which are glibber than Ben Gibbard’s. It’s a more rocking, less synth-obsessed album that will suffer more from comparisons than any egregious faults of its own. *Patrick Sisson*

**THE STREETS
THE HARDEST WAY TO MAKE AN EASY LIVING**

Vice/US/CD
From bum to bum-rushed, Mike “The Streets” Skinner has charted his own pitfalls and pratfalls across three scuffed albums where he has gone increasingly further off—and into—his own head. Where Skinner once drew detailed cross-sections of an optimistic everyman with bruised candor, now fame just seems to have him sketched out. Conversely, the fractured garage-ridden beats are even more creatively decorated and



**BONG-RA
SOLDAAT VAN ORANJE**

Sublight/CAN/CD
Bong-Ra (a.k.a. Jason Kohnen) has been stunningly prolific in the last four years, and it’s heartening for the breakcore sound that his musical star is still in ascent. Sublight, which has a knack for getting great full-lengths from the scene’s best artists, has released *Soldaat van Oranje*, markedly more sonically diverse fare than Bong-Ra’s last album on Ad Noiseam. Although his post-rave buzz-synths still lace the album, the amens don’t kick in until track six, and while the vibe is definitely trademark-heavy, it’s now dark with depth, crackling around industrial dancehall and hip-hop as well as manic jungle. He definitely hasn’t lost his *Bikini Bandits* party side, but the bell tones and the odd, grinding stutter-step of “Laatste Oordeel,” *Soldaat’s* closer, point him in yet another direction, a teaser for his forthcoming Kilimanjaro Darkjazz Ensemble project. *Matt Earp*



**DIESLER
KEEPIE OPIES**

Tru Thoughts/UK/CD
When it’s done right, club jazz can be super far-out, man—luckily Diesler knows the score. On his second album for UK label Tru Thoughts, producer Jonathan Radford gets loose with everything from frenetic Brazilian beats and catchy horn hooks (“900 Degrees”) to moody, modal jazz spiced with deliciously lilting vocals from Suzanne Hughes (“Cannibal Lunch”). Perhaps most remarkably, Radford pulls off the trick of getting it all to hang together, with songs like the lovely mid-tempo soul of “Charmed” and fat-bottomed bruk beat numbers like “Stylus Rise” finding common ground in deft chord progressions and rock-solid rhythms. Throwing in a few particularly DJ-friendly tracks that would work well with Scandinavian hip-hop from Raw Fusion or dubby downtempo from Bastard Jazz, Diesler delivers a tight 50 minutes that could fill dancefloors or soundtrack an evening—no reason why both the clubbers and the couch potatoes can’t relish his fresh take on dance jazz. *Peter Nicholson*



distressed. Still, nuanced arrangements don't excuse Skinner's most drug-fueled and self-destructive narratives. He excels at cheeky piss-takes on enduring (no-laughing) matters and general malaise, so hopefully this album's hermetic narratives are merely reflections in the rearview. *Tony Ware*

**SUBSTANCE ABUSE
OVERPROOF**

Threshold/US/CD
Listening to Los Angeles rappers Eso Tre and Subz trade rhymes is like revisiting old cassette tapes from your youth. The members of Substance Abuse kick off their first full-length with the boisterous, straight-out-of-the '80s electro beat of "Fake Contact," but for the most part, they stick with the jazzy production and occasionally dark piano lines of early '90s hip-hop. They're more into storytelling than braggadocio, stretching out songs instead of trying to cram in turns of phrase like their guest MF Doom, who fills a few bars on "Profitless Thoughts." But like most nostalgia trips, memories of this disc get hazy pretty quickly. *Patrick Sisson*



**THIEVERY CORPORATION
VERSIONS**

ESL/US/CD
Flexing their experience and skill, Thievery Corporation's *Versions* is a dubbed-out remix album that comes out swinging. The list of artists reads like an iPod set on shuffle: Transglobal Underground,

Anoushka Shankar, Norah Jones, Nouvelle Vague, and Sarah McLachlan are all tackled. Surprisingly, there's hardly a gimmicky mix to be found here. Bebel Gilberto's "Cada Beijo" retains elements that made the original shine, yet the song is deconstructed with a thoughtfulness that pays homage to the original—like most of the album. Besides The Doors' "Strange Days" remix, which sounds forced and tacky, the majority of the project is extremely well-tailored. *David Ma*

**VISIONEERS
DIRTY OLD HIP HOP**

BBE/UK/CD
On *Dirty Old Hip Hop*, Marc Mac, one half of 4 Hero, presents himself in his Visioneers studio guise. Comprised of seamlessly blended hip-hop and jazz sounds, *Dirty Old Hip Hop* bridges the gap between generations. Warning: Your parents might dig this one as much as you do. This is a multi-function album that can lull you to sleep or provide the soundtrack for a night out. Every track is enjoyable but the standout is the Visioneers' version of The Pharcyde classic "Runnin," an uptempo string- and drum-heavy track with a smoothed-out vocal that beautifully reminds that you "Can't keep runnin' awaayyaayyaa." *Sabrina Ford*

**VOOM VOOM
PENG PENG**

!K7/GER/CD
As collaborations go, it seems unlikely that any is more democratic than Voom Voom, the joint effort (pun intended) of Peter Kruder, Christian Prommer, and Roland Appel. With the warm, electro-jazz glow of Trüby Trio and the laid-back, stoned-and-throned kingdom of Kruder & Dorfmeister set against Fauna Flash's energy and drive, *Peng Peng* is an album out of time and place. Future-retro-ist? With tracks perfect for Manchester '88 ("Roger"), Berlin '06 ("Keep the Drums Out"), or anyplace, any year, 4 a.m. ("Sao Verought"), that just may be the case. Electronic albums equally fitted for the dancefloor and drive home come rarely; *Peng Peng* covers both in the same track. *Justin Hopper*

**WORDSWORTH
MIRROR MUSIC: DELUXE EDITION**

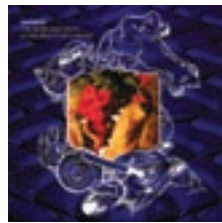
Halftooth/US/CD
When Wordsworth (of *Lyricist Lounge* fame) released *Mirror Music* in 2004, this once battle-ready rapper suddenly had listeners from all walks of life paying close attention. Wordsworth's honest look within himself was simply magnetic. On the re-release of this reflective opus (which includes a bonus remix disc by Oddisee), his introspections still resonate. Whether Words is speaking on his single-parent upbringing ("Be A Man") or how hard it was to break out of his freestyle rapper rut ("Gonna Be"), his *Mirror Music* remains essential listening. *Max Herman*

**BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH
NAKED**

One Little Indian/UK/CD
Echoes of Linton Kwesi Johnson, Saul Williams, and Last Poets run through Benjamin Zephaniah's lyrical flow. Whether claiming a conscious black identity in England on the title track, addressing the serious issue of biochemical tricknology with irony and humor on "Genetics," or explaining ignorance as simply a case of listening to the "Rong Radio Station," the UK dub poet's honesty is both brutal and refreshing throughout. *Naked's* minimal backing tracks favor dubstep more than traditional roots, but Zephaniah's praises "to the great ganja creator" keep the *ites inie*. *Eric K. Arnold*

**OLIVER KOLETZKI
THE PROCESS**

Resopal/GER/CD
It must be cool to mess around with electronic gear and suddenly find your track hitting heavy club rotation around the world. Such was the Cinder-fella case for Berlin DJ/producer Oliver Koletzki when his single "Der Mückenschwarm" was discovered by the Cocoon label last year. *The Process* is Koletzki's ode to the lean, minimal pull of microhouse, and there's no question it's expertly produced. If anything—because Koletzki sculpts *The Process* into a long, continuous composition—you wonder how this almost too-seamless mix meshes with his live DJing style; the jacking beats that surface later in the mix perplex even more. *Janet Tzou*



MIKKEL METAL

**MIKKEL METAL
VICTIMIZER**

Kompakt/GER/CD
Nurtured in the Kompakt garden over the course of the last three years, Mikkel Meldgaard's sound has blossomed into a stunning hybrid, taking root in fresh, fertile ground. Three tracks from prior Kompakt releases ("Hemper," "Dorant," "Kaluga") are nestled perfectly among seven factory-sealed newbies on *Victimizer*, which demonstrates Mikkel's enlightened application of the dub aesthetic in balance with elements of techno, organic ambient, and subtle pop. Whether navigating the minimalist 4/4 structures of tracks like "Microho" or the submerged *schaffels* of "Victimizer," his command of the soundscape is impressive. The overall tone of the album rides deep and dark, grounded with gritty bottom-end and a softly charred veneer as languid vocoders, rubbery reverb activity, and weightless, distant chords converge in a variety of blissful, deep-sea dances. *Victimizer* has found a beautiful little patch of gray area to call its own. *Doug Morton*

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PROJECT BICYCLE
So Gone
Greg Davis, Jason Forrest, DJ Elephant Power, Secret Mommy, and more? We gave a handful of the most progressive sound designers one sample to work with exclusively.

ACHE RECORDS



KIERAN HEBDEN AND STEVE REID
The Exchange Session Vol. 2
Kieran you also know as Four Tet; Steve Reid you've definitely heard drumming on Muzon sessions and as a member of the Sun Ra Collective. On Volume 2, they come together again in a duet of electricity and percussion. A free-jazz odyssey sure to melt minds as much as knock down barriers.

DOMINO



EVANGELICALS
So Gone
So Gone sounds like a happy accident of sounds and songs, a collision of twisted pop hooks and fractured noise. Fans of Unicorn, Deerhoof, and Animal Collective take note.

MISRA



BALÚN
Something Comes Our Way
Balún is an electro-acoustic pop outfit based out of San Juan, Puerto Rico. They will make you dance in your sleep. Highly recommended!

BRILLIANTE



CRYSTAL SKULLS
Outgoing Behavior
Crystal Skulls don't mess around. A mere twelve months after *Stock of Numbers*, their second full-length finds the band forging full veins ahead, channeling a cocky hint of *Mar Is. Shodor-eta* Skulls and sitting on a treasure chest of songs that Todd Rundgren would gladly "drop trou" for.

SUICIDE SQUEEZE



RINOCEROSE
You Are There
An an-shakin' collection of tracks from all of their albums, including 7 songs previously unavailable in the US. Features "Cubicle," as heard in the new iPod TV commercial.

V2



JUSTICE
Waters Of Nazareth
Coming on strong with an unholly techno thunder, Paris's Justice rocked dancefloors with their remixes of Daft Punk, DFA1979 and Fante Festiand. Their first EP features the monstrous title track "Waters of Nazareth."

VICE/BECAUSE/ED BANGER



JAMES HOLDEN

COMP REVIEWS

LUCIANO: SCI.FI.HI.FI VOL. 2
Soma/UK/CD
JAMES HOLDEN: AT THE CONTROLS
Resist/UK/2CD



TECHNO DJs FROM OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE SPECTRUM FIND ROOM TO MOVE

While they're both considered techno DJs, stylistically, Swiss-Chilean Luciano and Brit James Holden couldn't be any further apart. Luciano gravitates towards tracks with gristle and detail—the kind with dirt beneath their grooves—while self-confessed IDM nerd Holden goes for song-y brain-melters, the massive-sounding room-fillers that pulse with deep sonic drama. The pair doesn't just differ in taste and aesthetic but in mixing skill as well. True to his source material, Luciano peels and layers with surgical precision and a hypersensitive awareness of how minute changes can generate seismic returns. Holden, on the other hand, patches his sets together like a gaudy quilt, their improbability and bravery making their mere functioning existence that much more incredible.

Even more rhythmically preoccupied than *Blind Behaviour* (his underrated full-length as Lucien-N-Luciano), *Sci.Fi.Hi.Fi Vol. 2* finds Luciano overlaying, nesting, and phasing rhythmic patterns with daunting ability. Despite German minimal techno's current fascination with pop music, there's nothing here of the sort. In fact, with the exception of names like Donnacha Costello, Jesper Dahlbäck, and Ricardo Villalobos (whose plosive "Ichso" appears in the third act), the majority of Luciano's source material is obscure and unburdened by history. Beautifully streamlined and transitioned, his choices feel like they're made in deference to the whole of the mix, so any brief asides or interjections (like the grungy squelch of Lineas De Nazca's "Eje Central," the sudden drum breakdowns of Costello's "Ok, That's Great, Start Over," or the soupy strings of Thomas Melchior & Luciano's "Father") are thrilling and earned. Reportedly mixed live on decks and made without the luxury of any *ex post facto* edits, it's a remarkable record. The melodies are scant, but you'd be hard-pressed to find a more absorbing minimal release this year.

Like his 2003 *Balance 005* mix for EQ, Holden's *At The Controls* doesn't so much absorb as it engulfs. With the mix's double-CD format allowing him to cast his net even wider than usual, Holden's trawls pull up everything from moody trip-house (Massive Attack, Death In Vegas) and unlikely rock (Harmonia 76, Lucky Pierre) to throwback IDM (Aphex Twin, Christ) and serrated electro (Black Strobe, Trans Am). But his courageous song selection doesn't really do the finished work justice, because somehow, magically—20 years of prevailing DJ knowledge and countless BPM incongruities be damned—*At The Controls* gels together into a beautiful, amorphous mess. Holden is rarely considered a world-class mixer, and in the most technical sense of the phrase, he doesn't acquit himself well here, but his decision-making and intuition both prove so exemplary that it scarcely matters. From Disc One's inspired connect of Kate Wax/Death In Vegas/Petter/Vox Sala to Disc Two's thrillingly indiscriminating running order, this is more about the sheer visceral kick of melodies and sonics than craft.

Yes, it's a far cry from the exacting methodology of *Sci.Fi.Hi.Fi Vol. 2*, but *At The Controls* is just as compelling. And since both mixes function at polar opposites within techno's current range of possibilities, they serve to illustrate, in a through-the-looking-glass sort of way, just how much playing room there is out there these days. *Mark Pytik*

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NICKODEMUS AND MARIANO

NICKODEMUS AND MARIANO PRESENT TURNTABLES ON THE HUDSON VOL. 6 (REMIX)

Wonderwheel/US/CD
 Nickodemus and Mariano's riverside soirée has always been a community affair. Hoisted upon the sails of a converted tugboat, TOTH has been New York's top Friday night hang for six years. To celebrate, a host of friends contribute remixes of tracks from the first five editions of this compilation series. Regular guest DJ Sabo drops a bangin', bass-loaded intro entitled "Sixtro" with TOTH percussionist Nappy G behind the mic and timbales. Local dubsters Beat Pharmacy refreak "Jump" while Dublex Inc. tweaks the already stellar "Free Souls." Latin and Middle Eastern vibes abound; Candela All-Stars find themselves in good hands with Matthias Heilbron, and Nicko joins Matt Stein on "Faruk's Funk," a killer slice of Arabica from legendary *ney* player Omar Faruk Tekbilek. Chillfreeze and Radio Mundial's Jean Shepherd round out this impressive roster. By the closing track, "The Circle" (Zeb's throbbing mantra touched up by Jugoe), this stereo journey proves as danceable and personal as the party itself. *Derek Beres*



BASS ODYSSEY: RAGGA PARTY MASH UP

N20/US/CD
 Peeps speak of the Jamaica/London connection, or the Jamaica/New York connection, but rarely do they hype the Jamaica/L.A. link. Well, N20, which operates out of Melrose Avenue, is out to change that with this continuous set. Released on a label that holds jungle and dancehall in equal regard, this CD is a hardcore *pum pum* mix that plays like one long track with cuts and mash-ups from Elephant Man, Beenie Man, Sizzla, and DJ Starscream from Slipknot (!). Assembled by Bass Odyssey, a crew well versed in the soundclash, the energy level stays on overdrive for the disc's entirety. *Daniel Siwek*

BAY AREA FUNK 2

Luv N' Haight/US/CD
 Sometimes it seems as if rare funk weren't a limited-supply fossil fuel, but something that appears whenever Ubiquity subsidiary Luv N' Haight snaps its crate-digging fingers. How else could the world have previously missed out on pre-ConFunkShun band Project Soul's party groove "Ebony," or Northern soul diva Mary Love's chunk of funk "Born to Live With Heartache?" To be cherished above all others, however, is San Francisco T.K.O.'s driving soul-funk drug-ode workout, "Acid Lady"—worth the price of admission alone, and making this one of *the* funk comps in a year that will certainly see more than its fair share. *Justin Hopper*

DIESELBOY PRESENTS THE HUMAN RESOURCE

Human-System/US/CD
 When Dieselboy debuted his Human imprint in 2002, it soon became apparent that the project was much more than the throwaway vanity label that some might have expected. Instead, its futuristic aesthetic and consistent output helped push domestic drum & bass to the point where it could stand toe-to-toe with the UK's finest. Collecting Human's output so far, *The Human Resource* does a fine job of combining the best of the label's impressive back catalog with newly minted remixes. A bonus mix CD, compiled by Atlanta's Evol Intent, nicely completes the package, but be warned: Fans of light and fluffy D&B should look elsewhere. This one's for those who like their beats dark and destructive. *Jason "Method One" Leder*

DJ-KICKS: FOUR TET

!K7/US/CD
 If Kieran Hebden's music as Four Tet is a crystal—hard, beautiful, transparent, yet unyielding—his addition to the long-running *DJ-Kicks* series is a beam of light shot through that crystal and scattered into the colors of the rainbow. Put the micro-electro of Akufen, the lopsided boom of Madvillain, the classic soul of Curtis Mayfield, and the bent harmonies of Animal Collective back together again and you'd have something approaching Four Tet's idyllic bangers. Hebden finds time to resurrect Group Home (Google 'em) and the decade-old (yet relevant as ever) Autechre protest "Flutter" amid this noisy, lovely, head-spinning set. *Rob Geary*

DO YOU COPY?

Mitek/GER/CD
 The Berlin-based label Mitek champions Scandinavian artists, though they allowed sonic sorcerers from elsewhere in Europe and North America to re-work parts of the label's catalog for this five-year anniversary comp. The biggest surprises will come to Mitek followers familiar with material like Mikael Stavostrand's "Lite," which gets minimized—and absorbed—by *musique concrète*/isolationist disciple Son of Clay, who in turn gets the once-over from Canada's Jeff Milligan. Midaircondo, with "Talkuin2it," is as recognizable as its gonna get for many listeners, but don't be daunted by the double disc's expanse. Let this be your introduction to some serious innovation—*Verstehen sie?* *Rachel Shimp*

KENNY DOPE: CHOICE—A COLLECTION OF CLASSICS

Azuli/UK/CD
 With his 15-plus-year career manning decks the world over, Kenny Dope has just the hand to pick two discs' worth of classic grooves. Unsurprisingly, Dope, half of house legends Masters at Work, leans toward full, uplifting vocals. Both of these discs are heavy on funk, soul, and disco, sprinkled with names like James Brown and Earth Wind & Fire alongside lesser-knowns like the bass-heavy Ingram and funksters Earons—but for sheer joy, you can't beat Exodus' "Together Forever." *Luciana Lopez*

EXIT MUSIC: SONGS WITH RADIO HEADS

BBE-Rapster/Germany/CD
 Maybe you've heard of a band called Radiohead. And maybe you've heard about how their songs transcend genre, or something—a fact that this ambitious little Rapster comp aims to prove with Radiohead covers from folks like RJD2 and Pete Kuzma. But for every impressive Shawn Lee rendition of "No Surprises" or stunning Bad Plus version of "Karma Police," there's a snoozer like Sa-Ra All Stars' limp "In Limbo." At times, it just seems impossible to get past the novelty of the affair, but Phantom Planet fellas Mark Ronson and Alex Greenwald's funky take on "Just" almost makes up for the disc's glaring missteps. *Robbie Mackey*

FABRIC 27: MATTHEW DEAR AS AUDION

Fabric/UK/CD
 In Matthew Dear's hands, every record is deconstructed to an elemental status: Bubbling water, crackling flame, resonating stone, rushing wind. For his alter-ego Audion's *Fabric* mix, Dear claims he attempted to recreate the winding corridors and conflicting sounds of a multi-room party at the London club—and he's succeeded with aplomb. Tracks don't so much mix in as approach the disc in a sort of Doppler plod, and by the time Seth Troxler's bad-trip "Backclap" gives way to Ricardo Villalobos' "Chromosul," even the brightest afternoon will have you punching cab-company numbers into your mobile in a happy daze. *Fabric 27* is one of the most original mixes of late, and a must-have for Dear fans and fans-to-be alike. *Justin Hopper*

HOT AS HEL

Nine2Five/FIN/CD
 The European region of Scandinavia has let loose with some serious musical heat in recent years with the jazz of Five Corners Quintet, Teddy Rok Seven, and Dalindëo. But soul music? Yep, that too, it would seem. *Hot As Hel* fuses together a dope selection of smoldering tunes from choice talent in and around Helsinki. Featured here are tracks like the scorching late-night burner "Spared Your Kiss" by Katriina, and Dharna One's classic broken-soul stormer "Belong" (three years old but just as hot), mighty examples of the area's mandate to keep its flame brightly lit. *Velanche*

MIN2MAX

Minus/CAN/CD
 Following last year's *Minimize to Maximize* compilation, the subtractive force of Richie Hawtin's Minus label is captured once again with another first-rate selection. Label veterans Magda and Niederflur are joined by new recruits like Gaiser, Troy Pierce, Marc Houle, and Berg Nixon to drop a dozen highly polished minimal-tech biscuits that snap, crackle, and pump the way they damn well better. Heartthrob gets A1 placement for his peak-hour floor-wrecker "Baby Kate," and guest appearances from Loco Dice and Wink, plus some tidy graphic design from Matthew Hawtin, round off another essential Minus fat-pack. *Doug Morton*

MOONSTARR REMIXES

Public Transit/CAN/CD
 Toronto is the most frequently overlooked North American city for edgy electronic music, but the town has long had healthy house, drum & bass, and techno scenes. Now add broken beat producer Moonstarr to the list of ignored but not over-rated producers from the T-dot. *Remixes* collects his unique looped and layered reworks of Amsterdam's Rednose Distrikt, soundtrack legend Ennio Morricone, and fellow future jazz artists Middlefield and Povo. Moonstarr's signature clipped beats streak along like a racing cyclist, jerking over bass bumps and swerving with clever Latin percussion. With equal quality over the dozen tracks included, it won't be long before Moonstarr becomes mayor of a newly respected scene. *Tomas Palermo*

JULIUS PAPP: MONTREAL DEPARTURE

OM/US/2CD
 Montreal-born Julius Papp indulged in a steady diet of Larry Levan and Frankie Knuckles before landing in San Francisco and becoming a Mushroom Jazzer. Monsieur Papp is all about delivering deepity-deep jazz-house and makes peace with his history on *Montreal Departure*. Disc One is a mix featuring tracks by Basil, Reel Soul, Doctor M, Colette, Hot 22, Bah Samba, and Dazzle Drums. Disc Two provides goodies from Papp's NeoDisco Music label including himself (and Dave Warrin), Deborah Bond, Soulstice, and Mr. Farina, with Miguel Migs chiming in on guitar. *Au courant, mon chéri. Stacy Meyn*

POP AMBIENT 2006

Kompakt/GER/CD
 It's hard to go wrong with Kompakt's annual offering of selected ambient works—especially if you last dug the genre during FSOL's *Lifeforms* era. Catch up with luminaries Ulf Lohmann (here with the hypnotic hum of "Burning Bright") and The Orb, and relative newcomers like Tetsuo Sakae's and Mayuchi's Pass Into Silence project, whose "Iceblink" unfolds like a first wondrous gasp on E. The CD's three additional songs—notably Klimek's "Gymnopedie #1," with its mellifluous harp—are essential, but all tracks beg LP-style slow listening. Guitars and strings float un tethered throughout, supplying enough "pop" to please both new romantics and the quasi-conscious. *Rachel Shimp*

PROJECT BICYCLE

Ache/CAN/CD
 The people at Vancouver's Ache label know how to make sense of chopped-up, fragmented, and rare sound samples. They showcase some of the most complex noise compositions this side of Merzbow. *Project Bicycle* finds artists from around the world transforming and individualizing the same sample—the sound of the almighty bicycle. With tracks from Jason Forrest, Greg Davis, and Ache's own Secret Mommy, this compilation sparks through honking horns, spindling sprockets, and chiming bells that could annoy even the most obnoxious messenger. Complete with an essay on the historical and societal virtues of our two-wheeled friend, this is one charming ode to freewheelin'. *Fred Miketa*

ROOTS TONIC A LEAD

Hi-Score/SWE/CD
 This two-riddim compilation features new and previously released tracks from Sizzla, Lady Saw, Luciano, and Junior Kelly. More than half the songs are based on 2004's Leader riddim while the remaining ones coast on the Roots Tonic riddim. The highlight of the album is Lady Saw's Leader-based "Too Abusive," a tale told from the perspective of a battered woman who finally finds the strength to leave her abuser. Full of tracks to dance or sit back and chill to, this album is a must-buy. *Sabrina Ford*

MIA DOI TODD

LA NINJA: AMOR AND OTHER DREAMS OF MANZANITA
 Plug Research/US/CD
 Literary dame and classically trained singer Mia Doi Todd shows off her rich soprano voice every time she approaches a mic. It's a singular sound in rock circles, and a strong enough anchor to tie together this diverse album of new tracks and remixes from her 2005 album *Manzanita*. Standouts include psychedellic rocker Dungen's restrained, folksy reading of "My Room is White," the litting new "Kokoro," and the Ammoncontact remix of the sparse love song "Muscle, Bone & Blood," which adds an other-worldly cosmic shuffle to the original. Mia may be a quiet and unassuming songstress, but this album makes it clear that her voice deserves the diva treatment. *Patrick Sisson*

UNRULY CLUB CLASSICS VOLUME 3

Unruly/US/CD
 Lyn Collins' soul hit "Think (About It)" is to Baltimore club music what the amen break is to drum & bass. If you didn't know that—or if your introduction to the ghetto-tech-like beats of Bmore club came via the Hollertronix crew's "discovery" of the style and Spank Rock's ascension—you've been hoodwinked. This 13-track set is an archaeological dig of some of Charm City's staple club trax, which have been tearing up the club for over a decade now. If you're still dumbfounded, and the names "Hammerjacks" and "Paradox" don't ring with familiarity, the DJ Scottie B mix disc is good for what ails ya. *Rico "Superbizee" Washington*



DJ MORPHEUS

DJ MORPHEUS: I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT MY RADIO

Tigersushi/FRA/CD
 Tracked by DJ Morpheus (a.k.a. Samy Birnbach)—former singer of early-'80s post-punks Minimal Compact—*I Can't Live Without My Radio* is from/for the cassette generation. Featuring artists like Virgin Prunes, Love & Rockets, Heaven 17, Shriekback, Head, Timezone feat. John Lydon & Afrika Bambaataa, Thrill Kill Kult, 23 Skidoo, and Einstürzende Neubauten, this compilation (not "mix") embodies the dry, oblique architecture of '80s college radio captured to Dolby Noise Reduction tape during a Goth-meets-"glam savage" overnight slot. Here, rigid, rhythmic underpinnings vie with murky collages under scorched gloss, coagulating in industrial punk-funk New Wave/New Beat. Urban and humid, while sinister and sterile, songs such as Age of Chance's appropriation of Prince's "Kiss" are as much about gleefully marring pop's veneer as they are calculated designs for social and stylistic change. *Tony Ware*





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BY JESSE "OROSCO"
SERWER
HIP-HOP MIXTAPES, WHITE LABELS, AND SHIT



7L and Esoteric



Lord Jamar

The cats from Paris' **TTC** have been cooking some serious heat since they dropped their forward-looking 2005 LP, *Batards Sensibles* (Big Dada). First, MC **Cuiziniér's** *Pour Les Filles Volume 2* mixtape (Institubes) takes in crunk, grime, hyphy, and snap music and spits it into a retarded French stew, with freestyles over Dem Franchize Boyz's "I Think They Like Me" and (my favorite) a chopped-up loop from the Mr. Biggs (Ron Isley/R. Kelly) record. While Cuizi's herky-jerky flow is the attraction, producer/DJ **Orgasmic** is what's really good. Then, fellow TTC producer **Tacteel's** *La St. Etienne* EP (Institubes) takes a different path, with instrumentals and ghetto-tech joints like "Go Dance With My Friend."

7L and Esoteric's upcoming *A New Dope* LP (Babygrande) hits from out of nowhere with electro-fied beats, inventive samples of familiar songs, and savvy rhymes. I remember disliking these guys when I lived in Boston, so their stylistic change-up is welcome. Lead single "Get Dumb" (b/w "Daisycutta" featuring **Kool Keith**) is sort of the anthem, with rapid-fire sarcastic observations like "Hip-hop started out in Ipswich" and "Nickelback should have won a Grammy" over a 120-bpm beat.

Speaking of Boston, two of the city's best, **Edan** and **Mr. Lif**, show up on "Storm," one-half of **Cut Chemist's** double a-side teaser to his upcoming Warner Brothers LP, *The Audience's Listening*. If you thought Cut was just the goofy white turntablist in that group that all the college kids like, check the beat for "Storm," which sounds like Mantronix meets Prince Paul in the year 2012. The flip is the "The Garden," an instrumental he made in Brazil with a *berimbau* (Brazilian string instrument) and a sample of Astrud Gilberto's "Berimbau."

Tanya Morgan is not an R&B chick; they're a new group from Cincinnati and Brooklyn that just dropped a great debut LP, *Moonlighting* (Loud Minority). Both tracks on their second 12", "We Be" b/w "Stay Tuned," are straight-up, no-frills rap tunes and come highly recommended. **The Reavers'** "Shadows" b/w "Bodybuilding" and "Pirate" (Backwoodz Studios) follows *Terror Firma*, the slept-on debut LP by the politically minded 11-man massive. While some of the crew's better MCs aren't represented here, reps like **Akir** and **Vordul** bring the subversive rhymes on "Shadows" over producer **Axis'** haunting interpretation of Sinatra's "I Wished on the Moon."

Speaking of subversion, **MT** is once again using a heated club banger (see Dead Prez and Pete Rock's "Warzone") to critique hip-hop's infatuation with "the club." "The Beat," from "It's Bigger Than Hip-Hop" producer **Tahir**, is the b-side to M's "Til We Get There" 12" (Sotti/Koch), and the best joint from his excellent solo debut, *Confidential*.

Lord Jamar is my least favorite **Brand Nubian** MC but I'd still put him in the top 20 of all time. Amazingly, the *Oz* cast member is just now dropping his first LP. Instead of doing the same ol', like other MCs his age, he's been working on a concept album about the Five Percent Nation of Islam. His "Deep Space" b/w "The Corner, The Streets" 12" (Babygrande) gets things popping with supreme mathematician **RZA** on the a-side (not on the beat, though) and **Grand Puba** on the b-side, a depressing-but-energetic cautionary tale in the vein of Brand Nubian's classic "Slow Down."

Between Jamar, **Sadat X**, **Sean Price**, and **CL Smooth**, some of the hungriest rhyming I'm hearing lately is from early '90s dudes everyone thought were washed up. What's up, young'uns?



BUBBLE METROPOLIS
BY ML TRONIK
TECHNO: MINIMAL, BANGING, AND BEYOND



The Black Dog



Claude Von Stroke

Sometimes it seems there's a real fine line between techno and trance. After all the promos and performances doled out at this year's Winter Music Conference, I have to wonder if that 800 lb. gorilla of dance music, known for its bombastic melodies and extended ambient interludes, isn't poised for a massive coup. This time around, however, will trance sprout from the seeds of micro-minimal-maximal discontent? Let's hope some of the following releases help to beat back the trance revolution!

Could "West Coast techno" become the next new niche? The newest release on San Francisco's fun-loving dirtybird imprint is **Claude Von Stroke's** "The Whistler," a respectable foray into deep, funky techno that doesn't take itself too seriously. Amen to that. The b-side, "Who's Afraid of Detroit," simply screams for a remix by a 313 resident. Speaking of the D, be sure to get the latest news on *High Tech Soul*, a feature-length documentary that chronicles the history of Detroit techno at www.hightechsoul.com.

Agaric's "Subaquatic Mechanic" is the standout on his "Surfacing" single on Kontra Musik. This is a spacious, maybe even scary, ride into atmospheric minimalism. Definitely rockable in between your Minus and Sender joints.

Who would think that in 2006, **The Black Dog** would return to unleash a collection of the year's most solid comeback tracks? The group sports a slightly different lineup, but the *Riphead* EP still carries on the characteristic Black Dog sound that spawned a million IDM imitators. The difference this time, though, is that the music isn't afraid to ditch odd rhythm structures in favor of straight-ahead beats aimed at dancefloors. Not a barn-burner, but by no means a middling effort. Also on Soma is **The Separatists'** "Bug Rider."

This **Percy X** side project is straight-up techno, no doubt. The title cut is a tracky jack anthem for peak-time technological beat-down activity. Be sure to check for the bleepy, hot "Lay Six" on the flip.

Yes, their logo may be strangely similar to Relief Records' iconic emblem, but after one listen to **Joel Mull's** "Perpetual Pt. 1" and **The Shadow Boxers'** (a.k.a. Alexi Delano and Cari Lekebusch) *Round 2* EP on Railyard Recordings, it should be clear that the similarities stop there. Joel Mull has almost always impressed me, and his ability to mesh dense sonics with tough, intriguing, and propulsive beats on "Perpetual" shines. The Shadow Boxers further prove techno's obsession with bpm has long since dissipated. "Reality Tunnels" is a one-way trip to mid-tempo techno craziness.

Expanding on the theme of insanity is **Benjamin Fehr's** *Truth and Consequences* EP on Berlin's Catenaccio label. This moody, minimal, three-track 12" gets between the clicks and bleeps with moments of noise and straight-up weirdness. I was most interested in the b-side's inner track, "Early Sleep," which is what I imagine most Berliners won't be getting later this year (their city will see the triumphant return of Love Parade after a two-year break). And what would that party be without **Jeff Mills**? As usual, Millsy is up to what he knows best: busting boundaries. Find his latest release, *Blue Potential*, in which he, alongside the 70-piece **National Orchestra of Montpellier**, performs some of his most well-known warehouse bangers, including—yep—"The Bells." A sizable step for Mills, and one giant leap for techno-kind.

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BROKEN BUSINESS
BY PETER NICHOLSON
FUTURE JAZZ AND BUSTED BEATS



Ferro In The Dark



Yellow Tail



Zilvinas

After 40 of the last 50 days being rainy ones here in NorCal, we're finally getting some sun—good thing, as I've got some hot tunes to go with the nice weather! Leading the charge has to be the appropriately titled "Summertime" (Papa) from soul remix boffins **Yam Who?** With a little help from the one and only Noel McKoy on the mic, the Yam-sters kick things up into a housey direction, full of uplifting organs and big piano chords. And while we're on the 4/4 tip, gotta give a nod to **Jimster's** *Amour* LP sampler (Freerange) which is chock-full of crunchy uptempo goodness. Flip to the b, though, to find a nicely understated broken number, "Left & Right," featuring Cali's own **Capitol A**.

But enough about the Left Coast and the UK—as promised, it's time to check in on good old Gotham City. For such a sprawling metropolis, New York keeps a surprisingly low profile on the broken beat scene, but there's plenty of music exploring the boundaries of jazz—just check out the Nublu club and their label of the same name. On **Ferro In The Dark's** *Suor de Pele Fina 12"*, I'll forgive them for committing two of my pet peeves—putting the track listing on the b-side, and flirting with *Chimpunks*-style DJ disaster by having one side at 33 rpm and the other at 45—only because it's a damn fine record with an updated take on the sound of Northeast Brazil with wonderful vocals from **Seu Jorge**. Best of all, there's a remix apiece from New York denizen **Zeb** (Wonderwheel) and **Mawglee**, who has done stellar downtempo work for Brooklyn label Bastard Jazz. And if you really want to go deep into leftfield, check the *Our Theory* EP from **Ersahin Truffaz Madsen Rueckert Penman**, also on NuBlu—Jan Jelinek's *Meteors Noire* mix of "Yeah, That's Right" is especially tasty with its glitchy flavors.

If we're going to talk broken beat and NYC, we've gotta give a shout to **Federation**. **SeanB**, **Yellowtail**, and **Zilvinas** have been throwing one-offs for the past four years with guests like **Phuturistix**, **Alex Attias**, and **P'Taah**. Yellowtail's got a new tune on the way with **ESKA**, plus Zilvinas' Baggak label turned heads with last year's **Overtone** release—the crew is just generally bringing the good good. Says Yellowtail: "Our goal is to constantly challenge the dancefloor and elevate the quality of the music scene here in NYC. The last event was a loft party at this photo studio with ESKA. And yes, she killed it on the mic. Plus, we had a surprise guest appearance by Spiritual South—the party was on *fiyah!*"

So what are they dropping to keep things moving in the big city? Try **Joy Jones'** "Diva (Alex Phountzi remix)" (Co-Op), **Monday Michiru's** "The Right Time (Yellowtail remix)" (on CD-R), and **Ajukaja's** "D. Ross Wig (Simbad remix)" (Bagpak).

Okay, so there's your shopping list for the month. Go play "stump your local record store clerk" or, if you must, get on the interweb and get busy, y'all.



FUTURE JAZZ GUEST REVIEWS:
JUSTIN TORRES

Besides uncovering the work of countless lost musical gems, one of Luv N'Haight's best finds of last year was soul slinger Darondo. Blame 31-year-old Justin Torres, the Bay Area musicologist with his finger simultaneously on the pulse and the past. He's the one responsible for tracking down Darondo and, indirectly, the subsequent release of *Let My People Go* (Luv N'Haight). This year, Torres, a straight-up record hustler, helped assemble the blazing collection *Bay Area Funk 2* (Luv N'Haight), and is now hard at work on an as-yet-untitled Bay Area-themed music documentary. What's been shaking his crates of late? Check 'em out below. *Ken Taylor*

www.ubiquityrecords.com

RASIYAH
U BETTER RUN

Antipodean/NZ/12

This UK soul sister will make your head bob and your feet move for the '06. Mark de Clive Lowe provides his downtempo soul sound that will have Rasiyah easily pulling forward from her contemporaries Erykah Badu and Jill Scott. Her LP, dropping later this year, will be a must have for any neo-soul fan. *Justin Torres*

BROKEN KEYS
SLING SHOT

Tru Thoughts/UK/12

Nostalgia 77 and Natural Self came together to complete an amazing studio project and will be issuing a double LP later this year. Their first single, "Sling Shot," is a dancefloor burner! It's an uptempo funk dancer that will have the partygoers screaming in delight and the b-boys asking you to play it again. Funk like this hasn't been heard in 30 years! *Justin Torres*

DJ REGAL
SHOCK YA MIND

Funk Weapons/US/12

Regal has been running the TTs at clubs for years with the Wiseguys and Bronx Dogs. This truly funk-ed-out club banger will surely have you clapping your hands and pumping your fist to the beat. With Funk Weapons putting out his record, you know it's going to be a dancefloor favorite! *Justin Torres*

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WARM SPEAKERS
BY COLIN NAGY
HOUSE MUSIC AND ITS EXTENDED VARIATIONS



It's obvious that there's no shortage of tearing electro-house coming out at the moment. For me, **Booka Shade's** "In White Rooms" personifies the best of this vein with the warm pads and jaw-droppingly perfect production we've come to expect from the Get Physical camp. The lines are also becoming increasingly blurred between proper house and proper techno—and that's a good thing.

For instance, **DJ Koze**, an artist normally flying the techno flag high, has released the first remix album from his LP *Kosi Comes Around* (Kompakt). The a-side gets the warm, lush 4/4 laptop slice-and-dice treatment from **Jan Jelinek** as well as a beautiful, pastoral-sounding remix from Koze himself. On the flip, **Matthew Dear** curbs his hard acid perversity and shows the softer side of his **Audion** guise with a meticulously detailed ambient/micro-house re-assembly of Koze's "Raw."

Trevor Loveys of **Solid Groove** fame pairs up with **Joshua Harvey** (a.k.a. **Herve**) to kick off their new label, Speaker Junk. "Scratch Up the Music" is a warped, jackin' house number, while the double-a is also aimed at peak-time floors with a bulging bassline and cut-up vocal chops that implore you to "Run the Track."

Building off the momentum of the well-received **Uffie 12** "Pop the Glock," the Ed Banger crew brings forth more quality as **DJ Mehdi** and **Chromo** team up on "I Am Somebody." The highlights are unquestionably the **Kenny Dope** remixes: one deep, straight-up house cut, the other on the hip-house tip with cheeky vocoder samples, perfectly tight snares, and punchy kicks.

On the deep and soulful house front, snatch up **Isoul8's** "On My Heart," on Still Music. The melancholic yet uplifting track features the vocals of **Mahogani's** Paul Randolph with **Bugz in the Attic's** Kaidi Tatham on keys. There's something for everyone, but I'm most drawn to the dub on the flip and the late-night instrumental mix.

In a departure from the sound and vibe of some of his other productions and remixes of late, **Ewan Pearson's** paired up with **Hafdis Huld** (formerly of **Gus Gus**) on "Let it Go" (Fine), which he describes as "heartbreak house...hankies at the ready." It's a sad little ditty indeed, with blue piano chords and lovely vocals but bearing a subtle, tech-y edge.

One of my absolute favorite producers, **Henrik Schwarz**, has been on a tear lately, teaming up with **Ame** and **Dixon** on "Where We At" (Sonar Kollektiv) and contributing a mix to **Coldcut's** "Walk a Mile" (Ninja Tune) that is well worth checking (as is **Switch's** rub of the duo's "Tru School," with rude boy basslines and the **Manuva** MC on vox).

Rounding things out, the second installment of the **Rhythm and Sound** remix series sees **Soundstream** corral the original of "Free for All" into a proper deep house groove with vocals from **Paul St. Hilaré** (a.k.a. **Tikiman**). **Sweet Substance** take things even deeper with "Let Jah Love Come," a slow, slinking dub masterpiece for those who want to bring things to a hypnotic, transcendent level.



BASIC NEEDS
BY KID KAMELEON
LOW-END NECESSITIES, FROM RAGGA TO DUBSTEP AND BEYOND



No intro this time, just the hits. New York's Sound-Ink label has managed to squeeze out not only **CX Kidtronik's** insane debut this month but also some of the long-awaited grimey stuff that **Team Shadetek's** had in the works for years. The *Brooklyn* EP (including "Brooklyn Anthem"/"BK Assassin"/"Make It") lines up heavy Brooklyn/Berlin beats with vocals by **77Klash** and **JahDan** (quoting Courtney Melody's "Dangerous," no less!), **Rustee Juxx** of East Flatbush Project, and newcomer **Zesto!** Big stuff. Like, Green Lantern big.

Sneaky madman **Timeblind**, one of the hordes of misplaced Americans (like Matt Shadetek) who's ended up in Berlin, has his own very slippery take on dubstep, giving us the four-tracker *Ghostification* on **DJ/rupture's** Soot Records. /rupture's got the golden touch and Soot stretches all over the map—like world music for people who have no patience for most of the stuff that ends up in Wal-Mart's "world" section—so it's good to hear their take on dubstep. Also catching the bug is **Kit Clayton**, who's on remix duty for **Capracara's** "Opal Rush" (Soul Jazz). Good, dirty, acidic fun.

Werk Disks out of London has snagged a great quartet of tracks from Philly Trouble and Bass associate **Starkey**; all crunk, thump, and freak-out in equal measure. Add in the *Guilty Pleasures* EP from **Atki2** of Monkey Steak with **DJ Pinch** on the remix, as well as *Grim FM*, which compiles last year's Grim Dubs series with some new exclusives, and *voilà!* You better werk! Meanwhile Pinch's Tectonic label out of Bristol continues its perfect track record with the split releases "Temptation"/"Bahl Fwd" from **Distance** and **Skream**, and "Slang"/"Wear The

Crown" from **M.R.K.1** and **DQ1** (a.k.a. Oris Jay). They're really dark but channel the best energies forward, and they're heavily rinsed by **Joe Nice**, so you know they're quality.

Furthering his agenda to bump the world with the uptempo Boston Bounce sound, **DJ C** of Mashit has gotten Chicago MC **Zulu** to voice "Animal Attraction" on the Ondtu rhythm, and it's gone to **Strategy's** Community Library label (also to be released on proper 7"). Wicked fun, as is the **Control Z** remix of "The Wolf" by **Ivory** (nothing to do with **Shy FX**, unfortunately) and the cheeky **Hot Cakes** remix of "Outta Space" and "Back off the Wall" on Rat Records. And at the extreme end of things, **Vytear** has been rocking me lately with his *Super Smash Bros.* style of breakcore and rock vibes, with a large dose of 8-bit thrown in for good measure. He's got two EPs coming on G25 and a split with **Eustachian** on Fathme.

Finally, I do have to give a quick shout to an album and a mix. If Soot's your sound, don't neglect firebrand **Maga Bo**, whose vibe stretches the limits of musical definitions in a way only matched by his Sonar Calibrado Sound System partner **Filastine**. But where Filastine trades in emotion, Maga's mix has the spirit of Lil' Jon somewhere behind it! A 12" of original productions will accompany the mix. Check www.sootrecords.com for more info.

And just a preview of next month's Needs: The new Wasteland album (**I-Sound** and **DJ Scud**) *All Versus All* is absolutely their best yet, but very dark, weird, and challenging—dry and dusty like the moon and at the same time alive with rainforest dub.



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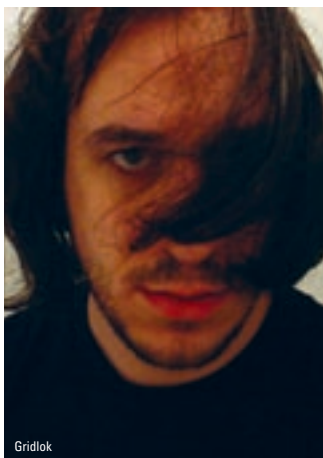
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**FAST FORWARD
BY METHOD ONE**

EXPLORING THE BOUNDARIES OF DRUM & BASS



Gridlok



Dieselboy

If I were to pick the most important trend in drum & bass over the last 10 years, it would be the transition from being a mainly UK-based scene to one of global scale. Back in '96, there were only a handful of non-UK producers getting any recognition or releases; in 2006, it's safe to say that times have changed—drastically. Big releases have been coming from as far away as Japan, Hungary, and Sweden, and American artists such as **Juju**, **Hive**, **Gridlok**, **Evol Intent**, **Basic Operations**, and **Hochi & Infiltrada** now find themselves in the ranks of A-level producers.

This leads directly into the first record of the column, a little ditty from San Francisco that is sure to become one of the biggest tunes of 2006. Violence Recordings has been on an absolute tear over the past few years, and the newest release combines label standard-bearers **Hive** and **Gridlok** with the dream team of **Break**, **Silent Witness**, and **D-Bridge** for the intense and cinematic “Standing Room Only.” If that weren't enough, the flipside, “Event Horizon,” teams the Violence duo with **Calyx** for a harder-edged, darker vision that just drips with quality and attention to detail.

Moving onward in our D&B world tour, we find ourselves in the Great White North. Vancouver's **Psidream** has been mighty busy as of late, with the dark and dirty “Obstruction” (complete with crucial *Sin City* sample) due to drop on Red Light Recordings along with “Unleash Me” by Bulletproof. In addition, Psidream and fellow Canadian producer **Pacific** have jumped into the burgeoning digital-file market by putting all their unreleased material online for easy download (www.psidream.com/goldenoldies.html).

Australia is already known as the home of **Pendulum**. Now they can also claim **Shock One**, whose “It's On”/“Further Away From Me” is forthcoming on **DJ Friction's** Shogun Audio label. While “It's On” is sure to be the big guitar-riff party tune (Pendulum fans will love it), the moody and lush “Further Away From Me” is my pick. Speaking of Pendulum, fans are advised to pick up the new one from Italian duo **S.M.O.K.E.** on **Mampi Swift's** Charge Recordings. Both sides (“Ray Gun”/“Zombies”) are absolute dancefloor stormers that move along at a hyperactive pace. I would be shocked if “Zombies” didn't become some kind of Los Angeles anthem... just listen to the sample for the reason why.

Warm Communications has earned its reputation as a label that is willing to take chances—who would expect a D&B label to be from the middle of Texas, anyway?—and their latest release from Finland's **Resound** continues in that tradition. “Underground” combines a thick, distorted bassline with bright keys and then tosses in a nasty amen to finish everything off. Dirty! “Spiral Web” harks back to early **Optical** releases but with a unique twist.

For readers who don't buy records, there is good news on the CD front as well. In addition to **Dieselboy's** *The Human Resource* (see review this issue), be sure to check out *Bingo Session Vol. III*, a collection of the latest hotness from **Zinc's** Bingo Beats label mixed by **Chase and Status**. And if you listen to it in your car, watch the speedometer...it's that kind of a mix.



**DRUM & BASS GUEST REVIEWS:
TOTAL SCIENCE**

The Oxford duo of Quiff (Q-Project) and Smithy (Spinback) are probably some of the least serious dudes in drum & bass, known for their cheeky humor, drunken antics, and Quiff's trademark pageboy haircut, which makes him look like an extra from *Shakespeare in Love*. But the tracks they make as Total Science are super serious... serious on the dancefloor, that is. Alongside pals like Digital and Baron, they revitalized the scene in 2000 and 2001 with crisp, clean, and bouncy tunes that updated 'ardcore for the next generation. Since then, the pair has recorded for nearly every D&B label, while running their own imprints, including C.I.A., Fix, and Advance. They've even breathed new life into broken beat with their Skin Deep label. Following their latest album, the sci-fi themed *Mars Needs Total Science* (C.I.A.), we asked the boys what's making the ladies' backsides shake. *Tyra Bangs*

GRIDLOK

WAKE UP

white/UK/12

Another slice of tech-funk from Gridlok. A wicked, b-boy style intro with half-speed breaks and orchestral stabs that break down into moody strings. In comes this sick stab, and then the show begins with an almighty wallop of a drop! We've been loving Gridlok's tunes for a while and the guy seems to get better and better. Fave tune at the mo! *Total Science*

MARKY & BUNGLE

NO TIME 2 LOVE

Innerground/BRA/12

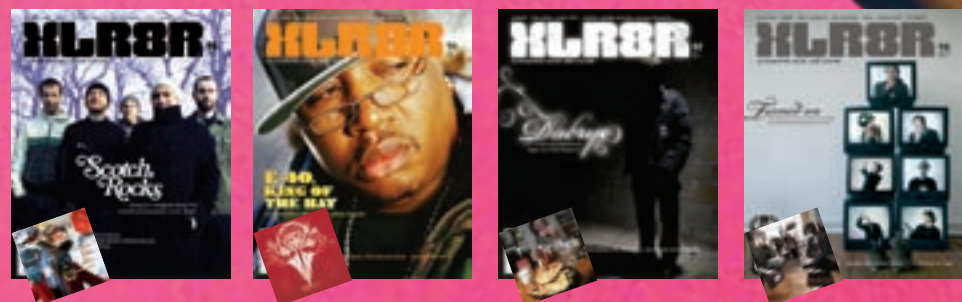
These two guys can do no wrong right now! Been feeling a lot of the guys' stuff of late and this is one that hasn't left our box for a while. It builds nice and smooth, keeping you on the boil before dropping that classic “Alien Girl”-style riff! [It] keeps going in that vein [until] just over halfway through, [then they] twist it up again with a different, more musical drop with a wicked vocal hook. Classic tune already! *Total Science*

HAZARD

TALK LIKE A GIRL

True Playaz/UK/12

Quite a few True Playaz/Ganja tunes in the box at the mo' but this is our pick of the bunch. Always love the way Hazard keeps it simple but effective—moody style intro with little kung fu-style samples flicking in and out, and then the classic Hazard drop. A great DJ tool which works the dancefloor nicely! *Total Science*



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**REGGAE REWIND
BY ROSS HOGG**

THE HEARSAY AND DOWNLOW ON
DANCEHALL, DUB, ROOTS, AND LOVERS ROCK



Capleton



Sean Paul

This edition of Reggae Rewind takes its cues from Jamaicans' long-standing love of spaghetti westerns, movies that have inspired countless boom tunes and artist names ("Outlaw" by Josey Wales is an example of both). This month, we'll look at the good, the bad, and the ugly currently making noise in the dancehall scene.

The Good:

Steele and Cleve are back, this time with a re-lick of "Twice My Age," the 1988 classic from **Shabba Ranks** and **Krystal**. The new riddim—called Twice Again—comes complete with a sample of Shabba saying, "What dis girl thinkin'?" No throwback version is complete without a **Buju Banton** track, and Gargamel doesn't disappoint with "Beauty Queen." **Baby Cham** takes a break from ruling the world via **Dave Kelly** riddims long enough to voice "Woman Deh Pon Mi Mind," and old school DJ **Buccaneer** is back, too. In classic (read: odd) form, he offers up "Land We Love," an interpretation of the Jamaican national anthem. Also updated is Jamaica's other national anthem, the Punanny riddim, known this time around simply as Capital P. Buju is back here, too, alongside **Mr. Vegas** and **Bounty Killer**, but the surprise artist on this riddim is **Tony Rebel**, offering a rare conscious tune ("Behave Yourself") on a historically slack riddim.

On the rootsy side, **Don Corleone** follows up the massive success of his recent one-drop versions (Drop Leaf and Seasons) with the Heavenly riddim. **Capleton** voices what could be his biggest song in years ("Jah Protect Us") and **Richie Spice** offers an ode to his lady ("Brown Skin"), but for my money, the riddim belongs to rookie-of-the-year candidate **Alaine**. It's appropriate that she sings the title track to this riddim; her angelic voice seems to float over every track she touches. Watch for big, big things from her.

The Bad (as in "Dat chune bad!"):

Leftside & Esco (Galore and Throwback Giggy) are back with another hot riddim: Dem Time Deh. The dark, skulking beat is ridden to perfection by **Elephant Man** (who interpolates **Nelly Furtado**'s "I'm Like A Bird" on the hook), **Assassin** ("Hotta Than Her"), and **Adidonia**, who steals the show with "Ukku Bit."

On the crossover-friendly end of the spectrum, the danceable and uptempo High Altitude riddim (also a Don Corleone creation) features potential breakout tunes from America's favorite Caribbean duo **Sean Paul** and **Rihanna** ("Break It Off"), a weed anthem from **Vybz Kartel**, **Bounty Killer**, and **Baby G** ("High Altitude"), and an ode to the late dancer **Mr. Bogle** from **Voicemail** ("Dance").

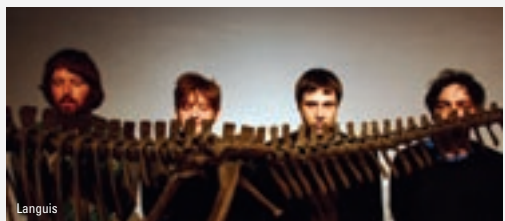
The Ugly:

It's rare that I hear a riddim that I actually hate, but somehow, I've heard two recently. The Wipe Out riddim is based on just that: The Surfaris' early '60s hit of the same name. **Mr. Vegas** delivers a rare political song on "Build Back" and Buju Banton manages to deliver an incredible vocal performance on "Bungo Cart." And while Wipe Out is awful, nothing will prepare you for the horror of the Benny Hill riddim (no, seriously), where **Busy Signal** ("Get Right On It") goes for his over samples from Boots Randolph's "Yakety Sax."



**AFTER SILENCE
BY MARTIN DE LEON II**

THE OUTER ORBITS OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC



Languis



Parenthetical Girls



Kid 606

Robot pop music, known to *XLR8R* readers as anything made with a computer, is getting harder to put in a box. Trends (like Neu! t-shirts) are terrific, but they're hard to pin down when beat machines are pounding out new ideas. I have my tape recorder aimed at the street.

Portland weirdos **Parenthetical Girls** have made one of the most eerie records I've heard all year with *(((GRRRLS)))* (Slender Society). Zac Pennington's vocals are sugary next to the guitars, synthesizers, and cellos ("Alright") that get smashed together here, much like the clank of **Xiu Xiu** (who helped produce this touched-up version).

Divorce is never pretty but Vancouver's Ache Records might make you reconsider with their 7" *Divorce Series*, pairing mohawked nerd **Kid 606** with Sweden's **Kid Commando**. "Good Times" is easily Kid 606's best work since *GQ on the EQ* with its slow, fuzzy, IDM reggae, and Kid Commando delivers gothic shoegazer rock on "Black Death." These two were meant for each other, like black nail polish all over laptops.

I can almost see New Order posters when **Languis**, a Los Angeles shoegaze band, sings their black hearts out on their EP *Other Desert Cities* (Pehr). Dreamy beats ("Falling from So High") and five well-written songs all make for a record wide-eyed with eyeliner.

Because guitars can still beat up computers, bands still use them. Maryland's **Ponytail** sounds like **The Boredoms** but with a female singer, and with a new album in the works, you better scribble their name down fast. **Lexie Mountain** is a one-woman project that accepts some friendly help, using voices, tapes, soul, and noise on her EP *Boys* (Heresee)—makes me want

to Google "Baltimore" tons of times really fast, like a punk rocker would. Need more? **Baiyon** is a Japanese dude whose synthetic *Like a School on Lunch Time* (Brain Escape Sandwich) is 16 songs of software throwing a fit, like a Merzbow for the adult contemporary crowd.

Like **Mirah** with **The Neptunes** backing her, **The Blow** is here to stay. Made up of singer Khaela Maricich and Jona Bechtolt (producer/drummer for **Devendra Banhart**), their 7" for Tomlab's *Alphabet Series*, "Babay," is sweet-toothed R&B for the indie rock set.

Experimental Dental School is a trio that slings Casio beats on their re-released gem, *2 1/2 Creatures* (Cochon), where drums fight each other ("Oakland Lake...") and **Erase Errata**-on-speed guitars go spastic ("Be Nice to Mankind"). It's like a less-complicated **Deerhoof** with a singer you can actually understand.

Swedish label Deleted Art is also worth eyeing every once in a while. Like Rough Trade back in 1977, this label is putting out some complicated experimental rock. With a roster including Oakland freakazoids **Clipd Beaks**, noisicians **Yellow Swans**, and Brooklyn's **Japanther**, they're making the idea of record label-as-community real again.

I press stop on my tape recorder and hear scruffy-haired young people out breaking drum machines, melting guitar strings, and turning computer screens into dancefloors...and I like what I hear.

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Gurp City



Strange Fruit Project



Sutro (Photo by Kerry Rogers)

It's all fun and games until the taxicabs start gunning for ya, and once you taste chrome and hit that hard concrete, it's a whole 'nother ballgame, lemme tell ya. Once again, the well-laid plans of mice and Toph have been thwarted by an inattentive out-of-town driver. Now I fester at home while my playmates frolic in the sun. (This only adds to my theory that all non-natives in San Francisco should be politely loaded onto a barge, taken out into the Bay, and ceremoniously sunk into the mud off Point Richmond.) So here I write, in the weird hazy sunlight of a very crisp Vicodin high. Call me MC Platinum Pelvis—lone wolf of the dunes and high bluffs of South Ocean Beach. Hear my roar! I call for "Soup!" and "Porn!" and "Little Entenmann's donuts!" Onward...

1. LOUIS LOGIC "CAPTAIN LOU EL-WINO" (FatBeats/US/12) This one's a ready-made summertime classic, spilling sangria on your sneakers at a block party in '88. Definitely rock two copies of the instrumental before dropping Lou's verses.

2. TA'RAACH "YEAH" B/W "HEAVEN" (Tres/US/12) Formerly known as Detroit's Lacks and now residing in L.A., Ta'Raach has created a pair of sublime gems for his new home and label. "Heaven" lives up to its name and will bless my sets for years to come.

3. CUT CHEMIST FEAT. EDAN & MR. LIF "STORM" (Warner Bros./US/12) If he wasn't already there, Cut is now officially on the same shelf as Double D & Steinski, MARRS, and "Beat Bop." A big, industrial-sized helping of super-space funk to shock the place.

4. PHONOGENIC "FIDDLER ON THE FLOOR" & SHAKEDOWN "FANTASY" (Phonogenic Audio/FIN/12) & (Panorama/FRA/12) When I celebrate freedom this summer, I'm going to do so by reasserting

my right to play fruity European electro-tech really loud. Get me a strobelight! The haircuts are coming! The haircuts are coming!

5. STRANGE FRUIT PROJECT "SOUL CLAP" (Om/US/12) 9th Wonder shines bright on the subdued and Primo-esque "Special." A perfect, soulful hook wraps the raps in a warm blanket of sound. Expect great things from Om hip-hop in the coming months.

6. V/A "IRON CHEFS" (Daly City/US/12EP) Beat phreakery from the Bay Area and beyond featuring Daedelus, Mophono, Mikah 9, and plenty more. Standouts are Mochipet & Ray Barbee's beautiful "Forwards Back," Mitsakos' deep and brooding "Compasso," and Eustachian's schizophrenic "Dotted Chess." Find lots more on the *Baby Godzilla* compilation and keep an ear on that Mochipet character—his shit is DOPE.

7. INDUCE "CYCLE" (WonderSound/US/12EP) The a-side alone of this Japanese-only release can hold its own with "Jazz Thing" or anything on the *Mushroom Jazz* comps, but flip that fucker over and you're in another world—some next-level pantheon of lush emotions and soaring views.

8. BEKAY FEAT. ODB "WHERE BROOKLYN AT?" (Coalmine/US/12) Several factors at work here: Bekay, a young, strong voice of note; ODB on one of his last records; hot production by Konman; future releases from Coalmine featuring DJ Revolution, Masta Ace, Rasco, The Alchemist, and Kool G. Rap.

9. SUTRO "HOW THINGS TRANSPIRE" (Wanderlust Music/US/12EP) "Lounge" is such a stupid term. If I could walk into an airport bar and hear Sutro playing, I just might start flying more often! Basically, this band is what Sade listens to backstage at her own concerts—sexy, liquid, cinematic soul that just happens to have enormous commercial potential.

10. AOKI TAKAMASA "D-HOLOG" (OP.Disc/JPN/12) To me, this is Highway 1 music—subtle, driving repetition that melts into the surrounding bluffs and sea. But somehow, I also have this great vision of Derrick Carter bouncing around in the DJ booth like a damn Muppet.

11. EVOLVING DOORS "VEGAS" (Loveslap/US/12) What would summer be without some raunchy sex music? Thank the Lord for hot, bouncing electro that'll move any crowd.

12. DJ JESTER THE FILIPINO FIST "SECRET LOVE" (Exponential/US/CD) All you 20-year-old laptop "DJs" take note: Just because two songs *can* go together does not mean they *should* go together. Fools think they clever when they layer a couple "obscure" tracks from the '70s or '80s on top of each other, but without the knowledge of irony and context, it's most often just dumb. DJ Jester here knows what's up. He's a Wino, for God's sake—we live to mix Wang Chung into Cypress Hill and make the ladies shake their butts!

LUCKY 13. GURP CITY (crew & label/Bay Area) Leaving a filthy trail of empty 40-ouncers and tagged-up bathrooms from Chico to Daly City, the Gurp City bandits rally 'round the flag of classic Bay Area hip-hop with a big, guttural call of "Urrrie!" Game Tight Electro, The Becky Sagers, Sacred Hoop, DJ Marz, TopR, Conceit, Z-Man, and a slew of associated derelicts are all down, but right now all ears are on Eddie K's *Gurpology 101*, "blowing up scrapers around the way.

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IN THE STUDIO:
WARN DEFEVER & NOMO

His Name Is Alive mastermind offers a less technical studio approach.

WORDS: KEN TAYLOR PHOTO: DOUG COOMBE

Warn Defever, the man behind dream-rock-cum-experimental-blues project His Name Is Alive, has been manipulating all manner of sounds from what he calls “an ethical and moral perspective” for over 15 years. His early records, self-recorded projects that bear names like *Livonia* (after his suburban Detroit hometown) and *Mouth by Mouth*, helped to define the gauzy, ethereal sound of British indie label 4AD. But Defever has made so many unique twists and turns in his career (with an electro stint as Control Panel and solo work in the style of John Fahey’s Americana) that it’s near impossible to pin him to a single “sound.” Following HNIA’s exquisite *Detrola*, Defever has also taken on the task of recording new demos with the remaining Stooges. Here, he walks us through his studio and the production of Ann Arbor-based Afrobeat octet NOMO’s *New Tones*.

His Name Is Alive’s *Detrola* (Silver Mountain) and NOMO’s *New Tones* (Ubiquity) are both out now. www.hisnameisalive.com, www.nomomusic.com

THE NOMO RECORD WAS PRODUCED ALL OVER THE DETROIT, RIGHT?

Yeah, it’s a pretty put-together record. We started at United Sound. It’s a historic studio. It had the deadeast rooms you’ve ever seen and everything you did in there sounded good. We ended up having to bring a lot of our own stuff in, so it was almost like a field recording at that point. And when we started this, we were already recording all the NOMO shows... Sometimes when you’ve got a nine- or 10-piece band, and everyone’s doing solos, you don’t always get the right vibe. So, by recording the live shows, I thought we could mix and match, and take a solo from a live part and have it be a little less of a document of an event that really happened.

IS IT DIFFICULT TO RECORD A BRASS BAND? ANY TIPS?

The thing about any jazz or funk band, or any sort of improvised music, is you should have a room that sounds good. You shouldn’t try to do it in your basement. The way I record, I don’t have a technical background. I engineer from a moral and ethical perspective—that’s my motto. It’s about trying to figure out what’s *right*. Recording is a series of choices, and I always try to be on the side of good.

HOW DOES THAT ETHOS APPLY TO YOUR EARLY HIS NAME IS ALIVE DAYS, WHEN YOU WERE RECORDING IN YOUR HOUSE?

At that point, HNIA is at the opposite end of the spectrum from NOMO. It’s me by myself, and I’m recording the most private, personal music that I could do. So, in that respect, if you’re a solo artist and you’re writing songs by yourself, and it’s personal music, don’t go to a studio. Don’t pay a stranger \$50 an hour to mess up your songs.

SO HOW DOES YOUR BROWN RICE STUDIO STACK UP AGAINST YOUR BASEMENT IN LIVONIA?

It’s the best of both worlds. It’s my private space. I’ve opened it just so I can be recording in a bigger room. Plus I kinda needed to get out of the house a little bit [*laughs*]. Having worked primarily at home for 15 years, I started having a growing aversion to recording and I found myself seeking out new locations to do field recordings. I went to Japan and did a really nice recording at a 500-year-old Buddhist temple and I did some recordings in the Everglades...

WHAT KIND OF SETUP DID YOU USE?

Sometimes a portable DAT. Sometimes a portable Pro Tools rig. Sometimes just a MiniDisc recorder.

WHAT DOES THE PORTABLE PRO TOOLS RIG CONSIST OF?

I use the Digidesign 002 rack mount [unit] running through a Mac laptop. Is that a technical question? C’mon, I work from a moral and ethical perspective [*laughs*].

WHAT DID YOU FIRST START RECORDING ON?

His Name Is Alive covered every base. The first album was done on a [Tascam-type] cassette four-track, which grew to an eight-track reel-to-reel to 24 tracks of ADAT. I’ve been using Pro Tools now for almost 13 years. I can edit faster than anyone else [*laughs*].

WHAT ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT PIECES OF GEAR IN YOUR STUDIO?

Well, the Electro Harmonix Micro Synth. Everything goes through that at some point or another. Any kind of bass drum or bass, and any time there’s a guitar or synthesizer.

ANYTHING ELSE?

An Altec 436C—a tube preamp. During the NOMO process, one thing that I noticed is that they’re all really good players, and sometimes I wanted to bring it down a notch; I thought it was *too good*... We had to process it and give it just a little bit more character, where you can hear the struggle between what the person’s playing and their ability to record it. A lot of times [I’ll use] an old tube preamp, just to take the edge off.



In Warn Defever’s studio (clockwise from top left): Pro Tools screen shot, Electro Harmonix Micro Synthesizer, Digidesign 002 rack mount unit



ARTIST TIPS: MYLO



1



2



3



4

After a couple of years of being held up in copyright limbo, Mylo's *Destroy Rock & Roll* (Breastfed/RCA) finally found a Stateside release—albeit with a few changes. The electro/pop/techno/rock masterpiece required quite a bit of retooling. Samples from Boy Meets Girl's "Waiting for a Star to Fall" and Kim Carnes' "Bette Davis Eyes" had to be flat-out re-recorded to skirt US copyright laws. But with Mylo's prowess in the digital studio, you can be sure that it took longer to cut through the red tape than it did for the Scotsman (known to Mum as Myles MacInnes) to edit it all down. Here, Mylo provides a glimpse into his Mac's applications folder. *Ken Taylor*
www.mylo.tv

1. PROPELLERHEADS RECYCLE 2.0

Recycle and its sister program, Reason, both rule. Recycle is quite a specific tool: You feed bits of audio into it, and then insert markers and chop the audio up into its constituent parts. The most straightforward use of it is to chop up drum loops if you're programming drums, but I got quite into chopping up samples of other kinds. You can then feed the resulting file into the Dr. Rex module, which is just one part of [Reason 2.5]. *Mylo*

2. PROPELLERHEADS REASON 2.5

This was probably the piece of software I used most when I was making the album. It's a complete software studio. You have lots of modules and a sequencer as well. I noticed that there was a vocoder module, which I hadn't used before, so I decided to play around with it and that was how I came to make "Drop the Pressure." I think perhaps people have underestimated Reason, or dismissed it as a toy, but it's very powerful once you get into it. *Mylo*

3. DIGIDESIGN PRO TOOLS

All of the big sequencer programs—Cubase, Pro Tools, Logic—do roughly the same thing: [They] let you put audio and MIDI tracks together and process the audio with plug-ins. The reason I got into Pro Tools is that when I was first getting into production in 2001, they were giving away a free eight-track version on the Digidesign website. I think the main thing is to find a program that you're comfortable with. *Mylo*

4. NATIVE INSTRUMENTS ABSYNTH

The one stand-alone synth I used on the album is a soft synth called Absynth. The version I have is 1-point-something. I think it's changed enormously since then. The one I use has a nice home-made idiosyncratic feel to it, and you can download some wonderfully bizarre presets. *Mylo*



"THE USB-POWERED MBOX2 IS READY TO RECORD AS SOON AS YOU ARE."



BOX FRESH

Digidesign Mbox2 Audio Interface
MSRP: \$495; www.digidesign.com

Plain and simple, the **Digidesign Mbox2** and its bundled Pro Tools LE recording software are about improving sound. A combination instrument input, mic preamp, and MIDI-hardware interface (that comes with software synths, plug-ins, mastering tools, and music loop libraries from Ableton, Propellerheads, and others), the USB-powered Mbox2 is ready to record as soon as you are.

The difference between Mbox2 and other similar interfaces is its sparkling 16- or 24-bit recording capability, which assures that no volume, presence, or weight is lost in the process. The device contains two inputs each for mic, DI (direct input), S/PDIF, one MIDI in/out, plus two monitor outs. In all, a tidy package for the new home studio user or devoted garage band. *Tomas Palermo*



DECK WRECKER

Ion Audio iCD04FX Portable DJ System
MSRP: \$299; www.ion-audio.com

There's nothing that screams *XLR8R* more than this party in a box—at least at first glance. But after fiddling with its numerous sub-par effects and finicky CD players, it turns out that the **iCD04FX** portable DJ station is a bit of a dud. For kicks, it's fine: Two CD players and an amped microphone are just the thing to spice up any soiree. But we could only get one MP3 CD to work (about five others failed), and it certainly took its sweet-ass time reading regular CD-Rs, too. The effects (phaser, flanger, and scratch modes among them) are nothing to write home about. In fact, the scratch function just mimics a *duva-duva* without actually affecting the track time—which is great if you've got no skills, but we need a bit more control than that. The variable +/- 10% pitch-adjust is handy for mixing, but with no real disc control, cueing is as painful as the fake *wikky-wikky* effect. *Derek Grey*

"WHAT CAN MATCH THE URGENCY OF HOOKING UP AND ROCKING OUT?"



LIVE WIRE

LightSnake USB Instrument Cable
MSRP: \$69.99; www.soundtech.com

Burrzz, crackle, kugussshh!—the unmistakable sound of plugging an electric guitar cable into a loud amp and cabinet. What can match the urgency of hooking up and rocking out? Not much, until the release of SoundTech's **LightSnake USB Instrument Cable**, a device that eliminates the need for sound cards or cumbersome digital-interface boxes. Featuring either a 1/4-inch or XLR plug on one side and a USB input plug on the other, LightSnake enables guitar or bass—hell even MPC rockers—to connect directly into their computer and record in Apple GarageBand, Acid, Ableton Live, etc. An auto signal booster and analog-digital conversion chip mean additional devices are unnecessary. It's compatible with all recent Windows and Mac operating systems without additional drivers and comes with a 1/4-inch-to-mini adapter and a 1/4-inch-male-to-dual-1/4-inch-female splitter. This is one creature no musician should fear. *Tomas Palermo*



MAKE 'EM WRETCH

Metasonix Wretch Machine S-1000 Vacuum Tube Synthesizer
MSRP: \$2500; www.metasonix.com

Touted as the ultimate tube-based synthesizer, the **Wretch Machine S-1000** sounds exactly like what you'd expect from the makers of the ButtProbe—pretty nasty. There's probably a way to make patches that don't sound like bodily discharge, but wouldn't that defeat the purpose? Featuring two VCOs with three different waveforms, the audio signal can be routed through wave-shaper and filter modules that were no doubt borrowed from other Metasonix slabs of weirdness like the TM-1 and ButtProbe. Not a beginner's synth by any means (forget about MIDI; CV only!), the Wretch Machine proves just how far analog fanaticism can go. *Brandon Ivers*

ORIGINAL GANGSTA

Roland Juno-G Synthesizer
MSRP: \$1199; www.rolandus.com

With "old-school ease" and "cutting-edge features," the **Juno-G** looks like a grand return to form for Roland. But even though the Juno-G appears to be an updated version of the famed analog Juno series, it proves to be a case of style over substance: Under the hood of this keyboard sits yet another digital sample-based playback engine, with room for expansion cards and the like. Not that there's anything wrong with "synths" of that nature, but why dress them up in poseur retro clothes? The "old-school ease" claim just seems a bit disingenuous on Roland's part. *Brandon Ivers*



"IT PROVES TO BE A CASE OF STYLE OVER SUBSTANCE."



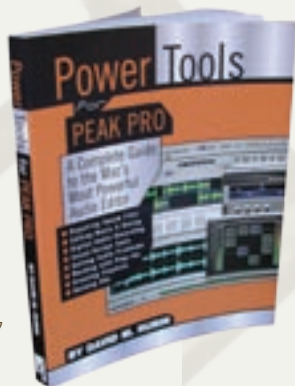
DAS FX
Stanton M.505FX DJ Mixer
MSRP: \$799.99; www.stantondj.com

In an effort to address the ever-expanding overlap between DJ and live performer, Stanton has gone ahead and revised its top-of-the-line mixer; specifically, they've added several internal effects and sampling capabilities to the mix. The **M.505FX** is a 12" club box with five input channels, each including a three-band EQ with kill function as well as a separate mic input. The collection of 24-bit internal effects includes flange, filter, echo, delay, vocoder, pitch shift, LFO, and loop/sample—the latter made possible via dedicated trigger in, out, and reloop buttons. The coolest part is the implementation: The mixer not only allows effects to be routed to the headphone cue, crossfader, or master output, but the Penny & Giles crossfader is also fully assignable, allowing you to direct effects to either end for creative control over wet/dry balance. *Evan Shamoon*

REQUIRED READING

Power Tools For Peak Pro Book
MSRP: \$22.95; www.backbeatbooks.com

Ever find that your synths, drum machines, and music libraries alone just don't cut it? You could buy an expensive rack's worth of effects units, but why do that when a simple, powerful program like BIAS Peak can tweak tunes as well as 100 hardware modules? David Rubin's straightforward 240-page user guide, **Power Tools For Peak Pro**, explains both what sound editing is and how BIAS Peak Pro is a great tool for it. The book demystifies plug-ins, shows ways to make and manipulate loops, and covers how to improve vocals and distorted files. With illustrative graphics, screenshots, and tool-tip sidebars, **Power Tools** is a fast reference to the sometimes-abstruse lingo and menus found in Peak. Plus, if you're gonna spend a G for software enhancement, best to have this layman's guide to unfold the creativity quicker. *Tomas Palermo*



PEAK PERFORMANCE

BIAS Peak Pro XT 5
MSRP: \$1199; www.bias-inc.com

Peak Pro XT 5 is the Krupps espresso maker of audio-editing software—it's stimulating, stable, easy to load, and endowed with top technology. The latest update of the respected audio editor is really three programs in one: Peak, SoundSoap noise-reduction software, and the Master Perfection Suite (which expands, compresses, EQs, and corrects pitch). I made a beat using Ableton Live's Impulse drum machine and sent it to Peak's digital-chopping-block screen, increased volume levels, added chorus and reverb plug-in effects, and polished the loop's sharp edges with Peak's SuperFreq multi-band EQ. Hit save, and the new loop was right back in my Live song. Other improvements include recording up to 10 GB files and the ability to burn CDs to Red Book specificity. You'll need a free USB port for the unlock key, but with its easy-to-use tools, Peak Pro XT 5 turns average producers into caffeinated motherfuckas. *Tomas Palermo*



"PEAK PRO XT 5 IS THE KRUPPS ESPRESSO MAKER OF AUDIO-EDITING SOFTWARE."

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VIS-ED: ANDY DIXON

Making a mess with Vancouver's glitch entrepreneur.

WORDS: JOSIAH HUGHES IMAGES: ANDY DIXON



An article about Andy Dixon could go in a number of directions. Previously manning the guitar for d.b.s. and The Red Light Sting, the one-man maelstrom now flexes his musical muscles with Winning (a three-piece noise project) and Secret Mommy (his critically acclaimed alter-ego). Ache Records, Dixon's label, has put out influential records by the likes of Flössin and Konono No. 1 (the vinyl-only release), as well as creating Div/orce, an ongoing series of 7"s from the likes of Hella, Four Tet, and Hrvatski.

Despite all this, the only thing paying any bills at Andy's Vancouver home is The Chemistry Designs, his art and design company that has created work for Insound, The Blood Brothers, Poison The Well,

Motion City Soundtrack, Yaris, and Kokanee beer. Filled with decapitated animals and hand-sketches of skulls, his work—both the professional and the personal—blurs the line between playful and terrifying.

On the horizon for Dixon are two Vancouver gallery collabs (*Murder Ain't Shit* with Landon Metz at Midtown this year, followed by a show with Sean Maxey at Antisocial in 2007), two Secret Mommy records (*The Wisdom* EP in August followed by the *Plays* album next year), and a slew of Ache releases. In the midst of all this, I met Dixon at a coffee shop to find out why it's so fun to make things look messy.

www.thechemistrydesigns.com, www.secretmommy.com,
www.acherecords.com

ABOVE:
Dear Homeowner
18" X 36" mixed
media on linen,
2005

RIGHT:
Exclusive
illustration for
XLR8R Vis-Ed





THIS PAGE (clockwise from top left):
 Insound holiday card, 2005;
 One Millionaire 22" x 26" mixed media on canvas, 2005;
 Poison The Well t-shirt, 2006

OPPOSITE PAGE (clockwise top left):
 Cecil Taylor 24" x 24" mixed media on canvas, 2005;
 Sun Ra and His Arkestra 24" x 24" mixed media on canvas, 2004;
 Flóssin Lead Singer album cover, 2004;
 Secret Mommy Mammal Class album cover, 2003;
 Ten Seconds To Go And You Thought We Where Dead album cover, 2006;
 Honeyhander Woolly Mannerisms album cover, 2005



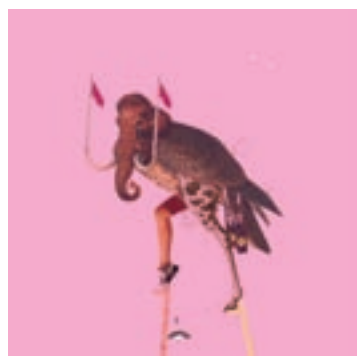
Are you able to survive off of your various projects?
 Design is the only thing I've ever made money off of. Music, in any way, shape, or form, has never made me a dime. Ache is in a crazy amount of debt, actually. A couple of the releases have done quite well—it's definitely not a failed business venture—but whatever money is generated is just going to go right back into it. I've never taken any money from it. Design is the only thing that pays the bills.

Musically, and with Ache, you have always adhered to punk's DIY ethic. Does this translate to your art as well?
 Definitely. Financially, I do that by having a sliding scale of rates. I've designed stuff for change, for trade, for whatever. If I really believe in what they're doing—like if it's kids and they're in a really cool band—I'll do it for almost nothing. In that way, I'm trying to maintain the same sense of community that I had in the punk scene.

What are some of your favorite album covers?
 Tim Kinsella, *Crucifix Swastika*; Fenno'Berg, *Magic Sound of Fenno'Berg*; and Radiohead, *OK Computer*.

What is your design trademark?
 I would say a really hand-drawn aesthetic. I like to use a lot of found objects and doodles and drawings and stuff. [It's got] a collage vibe to it, usually really dirty—actually, always really dirty. My design aesthetic and my music aesthetic are closely related—they're both [rooted in] micro-objects and found, unrelated objects that are put together to create something.

Would you say you're attracted to an ugly aesthetic?
 I think so. I think the weirder and more off something looks, the more I like it. That's what I like about a lot of visual arts, like Basquiat. I love things that are random and not so straightforward. Like, if you're going to make a website for some company called "Pony," to use a pony is just too easy for me.



What do you listen to while you work?
 I listen to a lot of this group from Northern Africa called the Master Musicians of Joujouka, which is a really awesome record to work to. I just got the new Liars, which is fun to work to. Also Fennesz, Microstoria, Oval, and stuff like that.

What's your biggest design pet peeve?
 One of my worst design pet peeves are those pre-made grunge fonts, like dirty lettering. You couldn't just print it out on your laser printer and rub it in some dirt and scan it...you had to download this font to do it. So every "e" is exactly the same with the exact same piece of gunk on it. It drives me nuts.

Who inspires you?
 Jean-Michel Basquiat, Neasden Control Centre, Thomas Schostok, [art collective] Gelitin, Skipp, and Marcel Dzama.

Do you work quickly?
 I try to, but I'm also pretty laid-back. I find that with my aesthetic, if I spend too much time on something it gets ruined. I've had a few times where I've needed to do a real back-and-forth with a client because they're being picky. It just gets ruined—I hate the compromise. I don't think compromise is a good thing when you're dealing with the arts in general. It's always nice to have outsider input, but when you're trying to make too many people happy at once the outcome is always so mediocre.

Of your own work, what are your favorite pieces?
 I think one of my favorite paintings is the one I did of the Monopoly man—it just really clicked. I think it is just so iconic and bold, which is not normally what I do. I did a new one that I really like where I went to [the thrift store] Value Village and bought this frame. It was linen and there was this big rainbow that someone had staple-gunned into a frame on a canvas. I'm not sure if you were supposed to hang the rainbow on your wall, but I bought it and painted over the top of it. I really like that one because it was such a weird thing to work with. As far as design stuff goes, my favorite design I think I've ever done is the cover of my [Secret Mommy] record, *Mammal Class* (Orthlong Musork), with my head on a horse. I love that cover so much; it's the funniest thing I've ever seen. The expression on my face, it looks so majestic—like some weird unicorn picture—and the mane looks like this weird mullet thing. And it's pink, too. A pink horse—it's just kind of nasty.

JAMAICA TO TORONTO

A newly unearthed compilation of Canadian funk and reggae sheds light on Studio One's musical diaspora. *Words Ken Taylor*



The Cougars performing live (Photo courtesy of Jay Douglas)

The history of Studio One and every Kingston recording hut and soundsystem of the '60s has been told many times through Soul Jazz and Trojan Records compilations. But while their liner-note scribes venture into every nook and cranny of the music's fascinating history, their stories all seem to end in Jamaica. Enter Light in the Attic's *Jamaica to Toronto*, a series of discs that charts the reggae kings' often-unknown post-Kingston history, when many musicians moved north to Toronto to reunite with their work-seeking families and start new lives. Following the brilliant *Wayne McGhie & The Sounds of Joy*, reissued 34 years after its original release on Canadian label Birchmount, Seattle's LITA is now set to release *Jamaica to Toronto: Funk Soul & Reggae 1967-1974*, a compilation that tells a different story—one in which the reggae pioneers adapt to playing funk for a Canadian, R&B-loving public and Jackie Mittoo opens up a record store in Toronto's Hillcrest neighborhood. Vancouver-based historian and researcher Kevin Howes (a.k.a. DJ Sipreano) further explains the journey north and how *Jamaica to Toronto* came to be.

How did you find out about this untapped well of vintage music?

Back in the mid-'90s, I dated a girl whose father owned a Jamaican record store and label in Toronto in the '70s. Listening to records she'd

inherited from her pops and getting turned onto albums like *Wayne McGhie & The Sounds of Joy* by my homies Sureshot and Mr. Supreme (a.k.a. The Sharpshooters) set it off, but my own interest in Canadian sound heritage got me wanting to go even deeper.

Why was Toronto the destination for so many of these musicians? Why not New York or some other place?

By the '60s, there was really large West Indian population in Toronto. Many had come to Canada as domestic and train workers. Once they received landed-immigrant status they were able to call for their families to join them. I think Vietnam and the possibility of being drafted was a big deterrent from settling in the States. Actually, there were a lot of American musicians who came north for the same reason.

What was the most surprising bit of information you uncovered?

That nobody had really taken the time to document what was going on. Growing up close to Toronto, you can't help but notice the large West Indian population. As soon as I found my first [copy of] *Wishbone* [Jackie Mittoo's first Canadian reggae LP from 1971] and read the liner notes, it wasn't too hard figure that something magical was happening there. When Pablo

(Cougars/Sounds Of Joy drummer Everton Paul) played me his unreleased white label copy of The Cougars' "I Wish It Would Rain," he had to pick me up off the ground.

Tell me about the studios and labels in Toronto at that time.

These musicians were pioneers. They built everything from the ground up. In the '60s, they had to use the commercial recording studios of the day; places like Sound Canada, Thunder Sound, Eastern Sound, and Arc. Most of the time they had to pay for their own sessions too, but in 1974 the first two black-owned studios opened, Oswald Creary's Half Moon and Jerry Brown's Summer Records.

How did the funk style come into play, considering these guys were generally known as reggae players?

Ever heard of "Funky Kingston?" I've always found it interesting that Jamaican musicians can emulate the American R&B sound as good [as], if not better than, many US players. These folks are extremely versatile, understand the dynamics, and really love what they're doing. In the '60s, Toronto was an R&B town. If you wanted to pay the bills, you adapted or didn't eat.

Many of the musicians on *Jamaica to Toronto: Soul Funk & Reggae 1967-1974* will commemorate the release with a concert at Toronto's Harbourfront Centre on July 15. www.lightintheattic.net

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RINGS AND MOLGAN SAYS HE GETS INTO A ~~COOL~~ WRECK. RIGHT BEFORE WE ARE SUPPOSE TO GO TO THE KENTUCKY PERBY. 12 HOURS LATER I AM DOUBLE FISTING BUDD'S LISTENING TO GEORGE STEERMAN AT AIRE DEVILS LOUNGE BY LIKE 6 O'CLOCK PM I AM CALLING THE COKE MAN TO IN WHICH I DON'T EVEN KNOW. GETTING BAGS OF COKE SO I CAN MAKE IT THROUGH THIS HELLACIOUS WEEKEND. LEAVE AIRE DEVIL GO TO THE NARRIS HOUSE. FEDNECKS, WOMEN, BEER, ~~FOR~~ BBQ, PHOTO - BOOTH AND MUCH MORE IS WHAT I FIND. ~~BOREBY~~ BBQ AND ABOUT 6 MORE BEERS DOWN THE HATCH. I STARTED GETTING BORED SO THE DRUG MAN CALLS IS SACHETS OF SNOW. CAN'T REMEMBER. THESE TIMES I END YOU HAD PAY LOB TO SHITTY MUSIC, I AND HACKETED PEEP TO SAY THIS GUY AND SO AT THE HOR THERE IS NO WE GET INTO THE SHOTGUN. THIS DUDE IN THE BACK SEAT FARTS. IT SMELLS SO BAD I PUKE. THEN I AM AT SOME "CLUB" HORRIBLE. I PUKE AGAIN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DANCE FLOOR ON THESE GIRLS ANKLES ON PURPOSE. LEAVE THERE AND GO TO SOME PLACE WHERE I TAKE THE BANDS MIC. AND START DOING KARAOKE. BY NEW ITS 6 IN THE AM. EATING NASTY ESS FOOD. NOW ITS SAT. THE 6TH DERBY DAY. THE WHOLE REASON I FLEW FROM SF. WE'LL WENT TO BED AT 10AM. WOKE UP @ 1 PM. STARTED DRINKING

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